

THE ATHENÆUM



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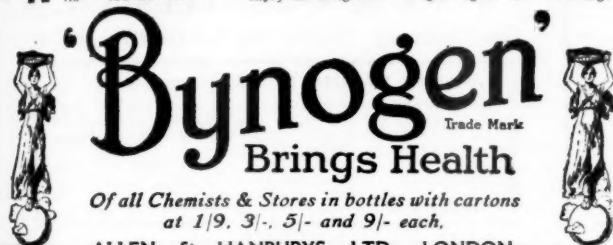
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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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A MODERN PROPHET

AT the Royal Academy banquet a week ago the Prince of Wales spoke with a charming modesty. He wondered "what impression the great world struggle will leave upon the artistic spirit of the age." He made no attempt to answer his question. He did not presume, he said, to offer an opinion on Art, for, unfortunately, the years of war had deprived him of opportunities often enjoyed by those of his own age "to gain initiation into that great world."

Happily, however, there was present at the banquet an eminent gentleman who labours under no such disabilities. Even though the war has occupied much of his time, he has found the opportunity not merely to paint pictures, but to be photographed while painting them. We forget at the moment whether he did these things with his right hand while his left was still supporting the world within its orbit, or whether they were done in a brief interval while another Atlas bore the temporary burden; but that he did them there is no doubt. In any case his particular and unique qualifications were super-erogatory. As a member of His Majesty's Government he has been initiated *ex officio* not merely into the great world of art, but into the secrets of the future. As His Majesty's Secretary of State for War he spoke with authority, and most properly and constitutionally gave to his more modest Prince an inspiring example of ministerial omniscience.

"The Prince of Wales," said this eminent gentleman, "proposed to them the question as to what effect the war would have upon the spirit of the age in art. At any rate, it would set art free, and the cessation of this struggle would liberate once again all those cultured forces which were nourished in the bosom of our country, and which grew, developed, and reached their fruition in the prosperous times of peace. That, at any rate, was a benefit which they might feel working with them that night."

"The field had been harrowed—terribly harrowed.

They had only to look at that tragic canvas, 'Gassed,' with all its brilliant genius and painful significance, to see how the field of national psychology must have been harrowed by the events which had taken place in the war. He would answer His Royal Highness's question by saying that art would emerge from this war, art in all its forms, as soon as we could get clear of the immediate practical difficulties, not merely to the position in which it entered the struggle, but vivified and purified as it always had been by tragedy, trial and tribulation."

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro. The far-seeing eye of His Majesty's Secretary of State for War, in a superb and comprehensive glance, embraces the past, the present and the future. It discerns the destiny not of one form of art but of all. It disengages an adamantine yet encouraging law of nature. Art has always been vivified and purified by tragedy, trial and tribulation. If we do not immediately observe any evidences of this desirable chastening in the prose style of His Majesty's Secretary of State for War, we must remember that it is not of the outward and visible garment of art that he was speaking, but of its inward spirit. When our investigation is thus narrowed to

the essential, we shall see how greatly the scope of his vision has been enlarged, and how piercing has become his glance. Now, his spirit vivified and purified, he discerns with his mind's eye the effects of war through the ages and sees that they are good. Indeed, had there been less of the groundling in our own soul, we might have discovered this powerful truth for ourselves. The beneficence of the general process which found Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty in 1914 and left him at the War Office in 1919 is too obvious to be seriously questioned. Faithful in great things, it will be surely found faithful in small. His Majesty's Secretary of State for War was, we think, abundantly justified in employing the argument from analogy to assure us that "art would emerge from this war not merely to the position in which it entered the struggle,

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but vivified and purified as it always had been by tragedy, trial and tribulation."

Like all considered utterances of great minds, the words of His Majesty's Secretary of State for War contain an at first unsuspected wealth of matter for reflection. If we ponder them we may, for instance, deduce that their author finds that he paints better in 1918 than he did in 1914. But the larger implications concern us more closely. So we find that we may expect that art will flourish as the art of Athens flourished after the tragedy, trial and tribulation of the Peloponnesian War, or as the German humanities flourished after the Thirty Years' War, or, nearer to our own time, as English art flourished after the beneficent distress caused by our long-drawn and triumphant resistance to Napoleon. We shall find our poetry emerge vivified and purified, as the poetry of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley, emerged vivified and purified in the work of Tennyson and Swinburne, and our painting refined to the spiritual limpidity of the work of mid-Victorian Academicians. That would be much; but there is a subtler consolation still. This further consolation is, indeed, subtle to the point of bewilderment. It has the appearance of one of those startling paradoxes which, we are told, lie at the basis of the structure of the universe. We have said that it is remotely possible that we ourselves, by the light of our unaided intellects, might ultimately have arrived at the true estimation of the general process of which the retention in office of His Majesty's Secretary of State for War is the most impressive manifestation. But it is certain that we could never have been sufficiently familiar with the nature of this providential dispensation to discover what Mr. Churchill has discovered. His revelation has the indefinable quality of intuitive immediacy which distinguishes the great mind in operation, and requires even on our own part no small intellectual effort to appreciate it. What effect would the war have on the spirit of the age in art? he asked. His reply was magnificent. "It would set art free." Free from the dangers of German competition? Free from the disadvantage of overcrowded markets, by killing off a few thousands of those troublesome youths who sell their pictures without first sending them to the Royal Academy? Free from the stagnant and oppressive atmosphere of peace? Free from the foolish hallucination that it might be possible to live on a pound a week gained by doing honest work? The war has given all these splendid freedoms to art. Yet His Majesty's Secretary of State for War could afford to brush them aside as being of no account in comparison with the subtler freedom which he revealed. "The war would set art free," he said. "The cessation of this struggle would liberate once again all those cultured forces which were nourished in the bosom of our country, and which grew, developed, and reached their fruition in the prosperous times of peace."

This is no ordinary consolation. At its sovereign touch the evils of existence disappear. Henceforward the healthy man will thank the illness which leaves him bed-ridden, the innocent man his gaol; and, most fortunate of all, coming generations of artists, when they emerge from years of conscript service, will thank His Majesty's Secretary of State for War for a freedom they could never have known without him.

JOHN BUNYAN

ONCE, when John Bunyan had been preaching in London, a friend congratulated him on the excellence of his sermon. "You need not remind me of that," replied Bunyan. "The Devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit." On another occasion, when he was going about in disguise, a constable who had a warrant for his arrest spoke to him and inquired if he knew that devil Bunyan. "Know him?" said Bunyan. "You might call him a devil if you knew him as well as I once did." We have in these anecdotes a key to the nature of Bunyan's genius. He was a realist, a romanticist, and a humourist. He was as exact a realist (though in a different way) as Mr. Pepys, whose contemporary he was. He was a realist both in his self-knowledge and in his sense of the outer world. He had the acute eye of the artist which was aware of the stones of the street and the crows in the ploughed field. As a preacher, he did not guide the thoughts of his hearers, as so many preachers do, into the wind. He recalled them from orthodox abstractions to the solid earth. "Have you forgot," he asked his followers, "the close, the milk-house, the stable, the barn, and the like, where God did visit your souls?" He himself could never be indifferent to the place or setting of the great tragi-comedy of salvation. When he relates how he gave up swearing as a result of a reproof from a "loose and ungodly" woman, he begins the story: "One day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, who heard me." This passion for locality was always at his elbow. A few pages further on in "Grace Abounding," when he tells us how he abandoned not only swearing but the deeper-rooted sins of bell-ringing and dancing, and nevertheless remained self-righteous and "ignorant of Jesus Christ," he introduces the next episode in the story of his conversion with the sentence: "But upon a day the good providence of God called me to Bedford to work at my calling, and in one of the streets of that town I came where there were three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God." That seems to me to be one of the most beautiful sentences in English literature. Its beauty is largely due to the hungry eyes with which Bunyan looked at the present world during his progress to the next. If he wrote the greatest allegory in English literature, it is because he was able to give his narrative the reality of a travel-book instead of the insubstantial quality of a dream. He leaves the reader with the feeling that he is moving among real places and real people. As for the people, Bunyan can give even an abstract virtue—still more, an abstract vice—the skin and bones of a man. A recent critic has said disparagingly that Bunyan would have called Hamlet Mr. Facing-both-ways. As a matter of fact, Bunyan's secret is the direct opposite of this. His great and singular gift was the power to create an atmosphere in which a character with a name like Mr. Facing-both-ways is accepted on the same plane of reality as Hamlet.

If Bunyan was a realist, however, as regards place and character, his conception of life was none the less

romantic. Life to him was a story of hairbreadth escapes—of a quest beset with a thousand perils. Not only was there that great dragon the Devil lying in wait for the traveller, but there was Doubting Castle to pass, and Giant Despair, and the lions. We have in "The Pilgrim's Progress" almost every property of romantic adventure and terror. We want only a map in order to bring home to us the fact that it belongs to the same school of fiction as "Treasure Island." There may be theological contentions here and there that interrupt the action of the story as they interrupt the interest of "Grace Abounding." But the tedious passages are extraordinarily few, considering that the author had the passions of a preacher. No doubt the fact that, when he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," he was not definitely thinking of the edification of his neighbours, goes far towards explaining the absence of commonplace arguments and exhortations. "I did it mine own self to gratify," he declared in his rhymed "apology for his book." Later on, in reply to some brethren of the stricter sort who condemned such dabbling in fiction, he defended his book as a tract, remarking that, if you want to catch fish,

They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch't, whate'er you do.

But in its origin "The Pilgrim's Progress" was not a tract, but the inevitable image of the experiences of the writer's soul. And what wild adventures those were every reader of "Grace Abounding" knows. There were terrific contests with the Devil, who could never charm John Bunyan as he charmed Eve. To Bunyan these contests were not metaphorical battles, but were as struggles with flesh and blood. "He pulled, and I pulled," he wrote in one place; "but, God be praised, I overcame him—I got sweetness from it." And the Devil not only fought him openly, but made more subtle attempts to entice him to sin. "Sometimes, again, when I have been preaching, I have been violently assaulted with thoughts of blasphemy, and strongly tempted to speak the words with my mouth before the congregation." Bunyan, as he looked back over the long record of his spiritual torments, thought of it chiefly as a running fight with the Devil. Outside the covers of the Bible, little existed save temptations for the soul. No sentence in "The Pilgrim's Progress" is more suggestive of Bunyan's view of life than that in which the merchandise of Vanity Fair is described as including "delights of all sorts, as whores, bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not." It is no wonder that one to whom so much of the common life of man was simply Devil's traffic took a tragic view of even the most innocent pleasures, and applied to himself, on account of his love of strong language, Sunday sports and bell-ringing, epithets that would hardly have been too strong if he had committed all the crimes of the latest Bluebeard. He himself, indeed, seems to have become alarmed when—probably as a result of his own confessions—it began to be rumoured that he was a man with an unspeakable past. He now demanded that "any woman in heaven, earth or hell" should be produced with whom he had ever had relations before his marriage. "My foes," he declared, "have missed their mark in this shooting at

me. I am not the man. I wish that they themselves be guiltless. If all the fornicators and adulterers in England were hanged up by the neck till they be dead, John Bunyan, the object of their envy, would still be alive and well." Bunyan, one observes, was always as ready to defend as to attack himself. The verses he prefixed to "The Holy War" are an indignant reply to those who accused him of not being the real author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." He wound up a fervent defence of his claims to originality by pointing out the fact that his name, if "anagrammed," made the words: "NU HONY IN A B." Many worse arguments have been used in the quarrels of theologians.

Bunyan has been described as a tall, red-haired man, stern of countenance, quick of eye, and mild of speech. His mildness of speech, I fancy, must have been an acquired mildness. He loved swearing as a boy, and, as "The Pilgrim's Progress" shows, even in his later life he had not lost the humour of calling names. No other English author has ever invented a name of the labelling kind equal to that of Mr. Worldly Wiseman—a character, by the way, who does not appear in the first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," but came in later as an afterthought. Congreve's "Tribulation Spintext" and Dickens's "Lord Frederick Verisopht" are mere mechanical contrivances compared to this triumph of imagination and phrase. Bunyan's gift for names was in its kind supreme. His humorous fancy chiefly took that form. Even atheists can read him with pleasure for the sake of his names. The modern reader, no doubt, often smiles at these names where Bunyan did not mean him to smile, as when Mrs. Lightmind says: "I was yesterday at Madam Wanton's, when we were as merry as the maids. For who do you think should be there but I and Mrs. Love-the-Flesh, and three or four more, with Mr. Lechery, Mrs. Filth, and some others?" Bunyan's fancifulness, however, gives us pleasure quite apart from such quaint effects as this. How delightful is Mr. By-ends's explanation of the two points in regard to which he and his family differ in religion from those of the stricter sort: "First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers; we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud him." What a fine grotesque, again, Bunyan gives us in toothless Giant Pope sitting in the mouth of the cave, and, though too feeble to follow Christian, calling out after him: "You will never mend till more of you be burnt." We do not read "The Pilgrim's Progress," however, as a humorous book. Bunyan's pains mean more to us than the play of his fancy. His books are not seventeenth-century grotesques, but the story of his heart. He has written that story twice over—with the gloom of the realist in "Grace Abounding," and with the joy of the artist in "The Pilgrim's Progress." Even in "Grace Abounding," however, much as it is taken up with a tale of almost lunatic terror, the tenderness of Bunyan's nature breaks out as he tells us how, when he was taken off to prison, "the parting with my wife and four children hath often been to me in the place as the pulling the flesh from the bones . . . especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh, the thoughts of the hardship I thought

my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces!" At the same time, fear and not love is the dominating passion in "Grace Abounding." We are never far from the noise of Hell in its pages. In "Grace Abounding" man is a trembling criminal. In "The Pilgrim's Progress" he has become, despite his immense capacity for fear, a hero. The description of the fight with Apollyon is a piece of heroic literature equal to anything in those romances of adventure that went to the head of Don Quixote. "But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying: 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise'; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received a mortal wound." Heroic literature cannot surpass this. Its appeal is universal. When one reads it, one ceases to wonder that there exists even a Catholic version of "The Pilgrim's Progress," in which Giant Pope is discreetly omitted, but the heroism of Christian remains. Bunyan disliked being called by the name of any sect. His imagination was certainly as little sectarian as that of a seventeenth-century preacher could well be. His hero is primarily not a Baptist, but a man. He bears, perhaps, almost too close a resemblance to Everyman, but his journey, his adventures and his speech save him from sinking into a pulpit generalization.

ROBERT LYND.

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND

VI. HAMLET'S QUESTION

TO be born is painful, and the profit of it so uncertain that we need not wonder if sometimes the mind as well as the body seems to hold back. The winds of February are not colder to a featherless chick than are the surprises which nature and truth bring to our dreaming egotism. It was warm and safe in the egg; exciting enough, too, to feel a new organ throbbing here or a fresh limb growing out there. No suspicion visited the happy creature that these budding domestic functions were but preparations for foreign wars and omens of a disastrous death, to overtake it sooner or later in a barbarous, militant, incomprehensible world. Of death, and even of birth, (its ominous counterpart) the embryo had no idea. It believed simply in the tight spherical universe which it knew, and was confident of living in it for ever. It would have thought heaven had fallen if its shell had cracked. How should life be possible in a world of uncertain dimensions, where incalculable blows might fall upon us at any time from any quarter? What a wild philosophy, to invent objects and dangers of which there was absolutely no experience! And yet for us now, accustomed to the buffets and ambitions of life in the open, that pre-natal vegetative dream seems worthless and contemptible, and hardly deserving the name of existence.

Could we have debated Hamlet's question before we were conceived, the answer might well have been doubtful; or rather reason, not serving any prior instinct, could have expressed no preference and must

have left the decision to chance. Birth and death are the right moments for absolute courage. But when once the die is cast and we exist, so that Hamlet's question can be put to us, the answer is already given; Nature in forming us has compelled us to prejudge the case. She has decreed that all the beasts and many a man should propagate without knowing what they are about; and the infant soul for its part, when once begotten, is constitutionally bent on working out its powers and daring the adventure of life. To have made the great refusal at the beginning, for fear of what shocks and hardships might come, seems to us, now that we are launched, morose and cowardly. Our soul, with its fluttering hopes and alarmed curiosity, is made to flee from death, and seems to think, to judge by its action, that to miss experience altogether is worse and sadder than any life, however troubled or short. If Nature has fooled us in this, she doubtless saw no harm in doing so, and thought it quite compatible with heartily loving us in her rough way. She merely yielded to a tendency to tease which is strangely prevalent among nurses. With a sort of tyrannical fondness, to make us show our paces, she dangled this exciting and unsatisfactory bauble of life before us for a moment, only to laugh at us, and kiss us, and presently lay our head again on her appeasing breast.

The fear which children feel at being left in the dark or alone or among strangers goes somewhat beyond what a useful instinct would require; for they are likely to be still pretty well embosomed and protected, not to say smothered. It is as if the happy inmate of some model gaol took alarm at the opening of his cell door, thinking he was to be driven out and forced to take his chances again in this rough wide world, when, in fact, all was well and he was only being invited to walk in the prison garden. Just so when the young mind hears the perilous summons to think, it is usually a false alarm. In its philosophical excursions it is likely to remain well blanketed from the truth and comfortably muffled in its own atmosphere. Groping and empirical in its habits, it will continue in the path it happens to have turned into; for in a fog how should it otherwise choose its direction? Its natural preference is to be guided by touch and smell, but it sometimes finds it convenient to use its eyes and ears as a substitute. So long as the reference to the vegetative soul and its comforts remains dominant, this substitution is harmless. Sights and sounds will then be but flowers in the prisoner's garden, and intelligence a maze through which at best he will find his way home again. Some danger there always is, even in such an outing; for this walled garden has gates into the fields, which by chance may be left open. Sight and sound, in their useful ministrations, may create a new interest, and run into sheer music and star-gazing. The life the senses were meant to serve will then be forgotten; the psychic atmosphere—which of course is indispensable—will be pierced, discounted, and used as a pleasant vehicle to things and to truths; and the motherly soul, having unintentionally given birth to the intellect, will grumble at her runaway and thankless child. As for the truant himself, Hamlet's question will lapse from his view altogether, not because Nature has answered it for him beforehand, but because his own disinterestedness and rapture have robbed it of all urgency.

Intellect is passionate, and natural, and human enough, as singing is ; it is all the purer and keener for having emancipated itself, like singing, from its uses, if it ever had any, and having become a delight in itself. But it is not concerned with its own organs or their longevity ; it cannot understand why its mother, the earthly soul, thinks all the good and evil things that happen in this world are of no consequence, if they do not happen to her.

VII. AVERSION FROM PLATONISM

REPETITION is the only form of permanence that nature can achieve, and in those Mediterranean regions that nurtured the classic mind, by continually repeating the same definite scenes, nature forced it to fix its ideas. Everyone learned to think that the earth and the gods were more permanent than himself ; he perused them, he returned to them, he studied them at arm's length, and he recognized their external divinity. But where the Atlantic mists envelop everything, though we must repeatedly use the same names for new-born things, as we continue to christen children John and Mary, yet we feel that the facts, like the persons, are never really alike ; everything is so fused, merged, and continuous, that whatever element we may choose to say is repeated seems but a mental abstraction and a creature of language. The weather has got into our bones ; there is a fog in the brain ; the limits of our own being become uncertain to us. Yet what is the harm, if only we move and change inwardly in harmony with the ambient flux ? Why this mania for naming and measuring and mastering what is carrying us so merrily along ? Why shouldn't the intellect be vague while the heart is comfortable ?

G. SANTAYANA.

THE OLD SHROUDS

Three devils sate there, gloating o'er my sins
In the dense music of thought's violins—
The whining, twining, pining violins.

Lean gleamed the tapers on them, chin and eye ;
They snuffed and chaffered, while the dark flowed by—
Hour after hour, its stars and dark flowed by.

They saw me not—from that cold mask no sign :
No signal shook from this lone soul of mine ;
Blind were their presences to hint of mine.

Rejoiced was I to leave them fingering there
The squalid record of my earthly care,
Life's hapless evil its insistent care.

And like a child who plucks a flower that blows—
Moon-cup'd convolvulus or the clear briar rose—
And happy in beauty for a moment goes :

So I, in mercy freed from these my sins,
Heard lapse the whining of the violins,
Heard silence lighten round the violins.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

REVIEWS

KIPLING REDIVIVUS.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. Kipling is a laureate without laurels. He is a neglected celebrity. The arrival of a new book of his verse is not likely to stir the slightest ripple on the surface of our conversational intelligentsia. He has not been crowned by the elder generation ; malevolent fate has not even allowed him to be one of the four or five or six greatest living poets. A serious contemporary has remarked of the present volume that "in nearly all our poetical coteries the poetry of Kipling has long been anathema, with field sports, Imperialism, and public schools." This is wide of the mark. Mr. Kipling is not anathema ; he is merely not discussed. Most of our discerning critics have no more an opinion on Mr. Kipling than they have on the poetry of Mr. John Oxenham. The mind is not sufficiently curious, sufficiently brave, to examine Mr. Kipling. Yet the admired creator of *Bouvard* and *Pécuchet* would not have overlooked the Kipling dossier.

Mr. Kipling has not been analysed. There are the many to whom he is a gospel ; there are the few to whom he is a shout in the street, or a whisper in the ear of death, unheard. Both are mistaken. Mr. Kipling is not without antecedents ; he has an affinity to Swinburne, even a likeness. There are, of course, qualities peculiar to Mr. Kipling ; but several of the apparent differences are misconceptions, and several can be reduced to superficial differences of environment. Both are men of a few simple ideas, both are preachers, both have marked their styles by an abuse of the English Bible.

They are alike even in a likeness which would strike most people immediately as a difference ; they are alike in their use of sound. It is true that Swinburne relies more exclusively upon the power of sound than does Mr. Kipling. But it is the same type of sound, and it is not the sound-value of music. Anyone who thinks so may compare Swinburne's "songs" with verse which demands the voice and the instrument, with Shelley's "Music when soft voices die" or Campion's "Fairly queen Proserpina." What emerges from the comparison is that Swinburne's sound like Mr. Kipling's, has the sound-value of oratory, not of music.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces
arrives at similar effects to Mr. Kipling :

What are the bugles blowin' for ? said Files on Parade ;
or in the present volume :

There was no need of a steed nor [*sic*] a lance to pursue them ;
It was decreed their own deed, and not chance, should undo them
It is, in fact, the poetry of oratory ; it is music just as the words of orator or preacher are music ; they persuade, not by reason, but by emphatic sound. Swinburne and Mr. Kipling have, like the public speaker, an idea to impose ; and they impose it in the public speaker's way, by turning the idea into sound, and iterating the sound. And, like the public speaker's, their business is not to express, to lay before you, to *state*, but to propel, to impose on you the idea. And, like the orator, they are personal : not by revelation, but by throwing themselves in and gesturing the emotion of the moment. The emotion is not "there" simply, coldly independent of the author, of the audience, there and for ever like Shakespeare's and Aeschylus' emotions : it is present so long only as the author is on the platform and compels you to feel it.

I look down at his feet : but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee,
is "there," cold and indifferent.

Nothing is better, I well think,
Than love; the hidden well-water
Is not so delicate a drink.
This was well seen of me and her

(to take from one of Swinburne's poems which most nearly resembles a statement); or

The end of it's sitting and thinking
And dreaming hell-fires to see—

these are not statements of emotion, but ways of stimulating a particular response in the reader.

Both of the poets have a few simple ideas. If we deprecate any philosophical complications, we may be allowed to call Swinburne's *Liberty* and Mr. Kipling's *Empire* "ideas." They are at least abstract, and not material which emotion can feed long upon. And they are not (in passing) very dissimilar. Swinburne had the *Risorgimento*, and Garibaldi, and Mazzini, and the model of Shelley, and the recoil from Tennyson, and he produced *Liberty*. Mr. Kipling, the Anglo-Indian, had frontier warfare, and rebellions, and Khartoum, and he produced *the Empire*. And we remember Swinburne's sentiments toward the Boers: he wished to intern them all. Swinburne and Mr. Kipling have these and such concepts; some poets, like Shakespeare or Dante or Villon, and some novelists, like Mr. Conrad, have, in contrast to ideas or concepts, points of view, or "worlds"—what are incorrectly called "philosophies." Mr. Conrad is very germane to the question, because he is in many ways the antithesis of Mr. Kipling. He is, for one thing, the antithesis of *Empire* (as well as of democracy); his characters are the denial of Empire, of Nation, of Race almost, they are fearfully alone with the Wilderness. Mr. Conrad has no ideas, but he has a point of view, a "world"; it can hardly be defined, but it pervades his work and is unmistakable. It could not be otherwise. Swinburne's and Mr. Kipling's ideas could be otherwise. Had Mr. Kipling taken *Liberty* and Swinburne the *Empire*, the alteration would be unimportant.

And this is why both Swinburne's and Mr. Kipling's verse in spite of the positive manner which each presses to his service, appear to lack cohesion—to be, frankly, immature. There is no point of view to hold them together. What is the point of view, one man's experience of life, behind "Mandalay," and "Danny Deever," and "MacAndrew," and the "Recessional"? The volume in hand, at least, ought to be consistent with itself: the subjects are in sympathy with each other; they express Mr. Kipling's attitudes toward various aspects of the war. But the poems no more hang together than the verses of a school-boy. This, in spite of Mr. Kipling's undeniable manner.

The manner itself, indeed, involves no discoveries in syntax or vocabulary; the structure reveals nothing unusual.

The banked oars fell an hundred strong,
And backed and threshed and ground,
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war-boat round.

The construction "bitter was . . . as . . ." has a very familiar sound. The old order of words persists, not giving place to new. This is not, however, the manner. And we should not be positive that

The Hun is at the gate! . . .
Be well assured that on our side
The abiding oceans fight. . .

(Mr. Conrad would hardly issue this opinion about the oceans) were by Mr. Kipling, though we could not associate them with any equally distinguished name. But when we peruse the following—

A tinker out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft in quod . . .
And Bunyan was his name! . . .

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before
the nuts work loose.
They do not preach that His Pity allows them to leave their work
when they damn-well choose. . .

There is a gland at the back of the jaw
And an answering lump by the collar-bone. . .

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride. . .

in all of these we have the true formula, with its touch of the newspapers, of Billy Sunday, and the Revised Version filtered through Rabbi Zeal-of-the-Land Busy. The Revised Version (substantially the same style as all the versions from Tindal) is excellent prose for its matter. It is often redundant and bombastic in the Prophets, who sometimes fell into these vices, and it is a model of firm and limpid style in the sayings of Jesus. But it is not a style into which any significant modern content can be shoved. Mr. Kipling is one of the Minor Prophets.

There is one more element in the style or manner of Mr. Kipling which demands attention. The eighteenth century was in part cynical and in part sentimental, but it never arrived at complete amalgamation of the two feelings. Whoever makes a study of the sentimentalism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries will not neglect the peculiar cynical sentiment of Mr. Kipling. In a poem like Mr. Kipling's "The Ladies" the fusion is triumphant. The sentiment of Tennyson and Mrs. Browning is obsolete, it is no longer a living force; it is superseded by Mr. Kipling's Tennyson, we must insist, could never have written

Love at first sight was her trouble,
She didn't know what it were;
But I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked her too much—
And I learned about women from 'er;

nor could he have written

Gentlemen-rankers off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity,
O God, have mercy on such as we:
Ba Ba Ba.

Mr. Kipling may have winked at Tennyson down the road. But Tennyson did not wink back.

And yet Mr. Kipling is very nearly a great writer. There is an unconsciousness about him which, while it is one of the reasons why he is not an artist, is a kind of salvation. There is an echo of greatness in his naive appeal to so large an audience as he addresses; something which makes him, like one or two other writers who are not or hardly artists, a lonely figure. And in "Plain Tales from the Hills" he has given the one perfect picture of a society of English, narrow, snobbish, spiteful, ignorant and vulgar, set down absurdly in a continent of which they are unconscious. What Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book is to all other books of native life, so is Mr. Kipling's to all other books of Anglo-Indian life. It is wrong, of course, of Mr. Kipling to address a large audience; but it is a better thing than to address a small one. The only better thing is to address the one hypothetical Intelligent Man who does not exist and who is the audience of the Artist.

T. S. E.

MR. JOHN MURRAY will shortly publish simultaneously the two concluding volumes of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli," which was begun by Mr. W. F. Monypenny, and has been continued by Mr. G. E. Buckle. In these volumes will be recorded, amongst many other incidents, Disraeli's rise to full political power; his masterly dealings with Germany in 1875; the purchase of the Suez Canal shares; the Berlin Congress; Queen Victoria's confidence in him; "Lothair" and "Endymion," etc. The delay in publication has had one unexpected and most fortunate result, as it has enabled the editor to make use of a large and voluminous private correspondence of great importance for the history of Lord Beaconsfield's later years. In an appendix will be printed several chapters of an unfinished novel on which Lord Beaconsfield was engaged at the time of his death.

THE SOUL OF AN ARCHBISHOP

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM THOMSON, ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. By Ethel H. Thomson. (Lane. 16s. net.)

THE origin of Archbishop Thomson was obscure. His great-uncle "may reasonably be supposed" to have been "an ornament to the middle classes."

His aunt married a gentleman who was present at the murder of Gustavus III. of Sweden; and his father met his death at the age of 87 by treading on a cat in the early hours of the morning. The physical vigour which this anecdote implies was combined in the Archbishop with powers of intellect which promised success in whatever profession he adopted. At Oxford it seemed likely that he would devote himself to philosophy or science. While reading for his degree he found time to write the "Outlines of the Laws of Thought," which "immediately became a recognized text book for Oxford classes." But though poetry, philosophy, medicine and the law held out their temptations he put such thoughts aside, or never entertained them, having made up his mind from the first to dedicate himself to Divine service. The measure of his success in the more exalted sphere is attested by the following facts: Ordained deacon in 1842 at the age of twenty-three, he became Dean and Bursar of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1845, Provost in 1855, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in 1861, and Archbishop of York in 1862. Thus at the early age of 43 he stood next in rank to the Archbishop of Canterbury himself; and it was commonly though erroneously expected that he would in the end attain to that dignity also.

It is a matter of temperament and belief whether you read this list with respect or with boredom; whether you look upon an archbishop's hat as a crown or as an extinguisher. If, like the present reviewer, you are ready to hold the simple faith that the outer order corresponds to the inner—that a vicar is a good man, a canon a better man, and an archbishop the best man of all—you will find the study of the Archbishop's life one of extreme fascination. He has turned aside from poetry and philosophy and law, and specialised in virtue. He has dedicated himself to the service of the Divine. His spiritual proficiency has been such that he has developed from deacon to dean, from dean to bishop, and from bishop to archbishop in the short space of twenty years. As there are only two archbishops in the whole of England the inference seems to be that he is the second best-man in England; his hat is the proof of it. Even in a material sense his hat was one of the largest; it was larger than Mr. Gladstone's; larger than Thackeray's; larger than Dickens'; it was in fact, so his hatter told him and we are inclined to agree, an "eight full." Yet he began much as other men begin. He struck an undergraduate in a fit of temper and was rusticated; he wrote a text-book of logic and rowed a very good oar. But after he was ordained his diary shows that the specialising process had begun. He thought a great deal about the state of his soul; about "the monstrous tumour of Simony"; about Church reform; and about the meaning of Christianity. "Self-renunciation," he came to the conclusion, "is the foundation of Christian Religion and Christian Morals. . . . The highest wisdom is that which can enforce and cultivate this self-renunciation. Hence (against Cousin) I hold that religion is higher far than philosophy." There is one mention of chemists and capillarity, but science and philosophy were, even at this early stage, in danger of being crowded out. Soon the diary takes a different tone. "He seems," says his biographer, "to have had no time for committing his thoughts to paper"; he records his engagements only, and he dines out almost every night. Sir Henry Taylor, whom he met at one of these parties, described him as "simple, solid,

good, capable and pleasing." Perhaps it was his solidity combined with his "eminently scientific" turn of mind, his blandness as well as his bulk, that impressed some of these great people with the confidence that in him the Church had found a very necessary champion. His "brawny logic" and massive frame seemed to fit him to grapple with a task that taxed the strongest—how, that is, to reconcile the scientific discoveries of the age with religion, and even prove them "some of its strongest witnesses for the truth." If anyone could do this Thomson could; his practical ability, unhampered by any mystical or dreaming tendency, had already proved itself in the conduct of the business affairs of his College. From Bishop he became almost instantly Archbishop; and in becoming Archbishop he became Primate of England, Governor of the Charterhouse and King's College, London, patron of one hundred and twenty livings, with the Archdeaconries of York, Cleveland, and the East Riding in his gift, and the Canonries and Prebends in York Minster. Bishophthorpe itself was an enormous palace; he was immediately faced by the "knotty question" of whether to buy all the furniture—"much of it only poor stuff"—or to furnish the house anew, which would cost a fortune. Moreover there were seven cows in the park; but these, perhaps, were counterbalanced by nine children in the nursery. Then the Prince and Princess of Wales came to stay and the Archbishop took upon himself the task of furnishing the Princess's apartments. He went up to London and bought eight Moderator lamps, and two Spanish figures holding candles, among other things, and reminded himself of the necessity of buying "soap for Princess." But meanwhile far more serious matters claimed every ounce of his strength. Already he had been exhorted to "wield the sure lance of your brawny logic against the sophistries" of the authors of "Essays and Reviews," and had responded in a work called "Aids to Faith." Near at hand the town of Sheffield, with its large population of imperfectly educated working men, was a breeding ground of scepticism and discontent. The Archbishop made it his special charge. He was fond of watching the rolling of armour plate and constantly addressed meetings of working men. "Now what are these Nihilisms, and Socialisms, and Communisms, and Fenianisms and Secret Societies—what do they all mean?" he asked. "Selfishness," he replied, and "assertion of one class against the rest is at the bottom of them all." There was a law of nature, he said, by which wages went up and wages went down. "You must accept the declivity as well as the ascent. . . . If we could only get people to learn that, then things would go on a great deal better and smoother." And the working men of Sheffield responded by giving him five hundred pieces of cutlery mounted in sterling silver. But presumably there were a certain number of knives among the spoons and the forks.

Bishop Colenso, however, was far more troublesome than the working men of Sheffield; and the Ritualists vexed him so persistently that even his vast strength felt the strain. The questions which were referred to him for decision were peculiarly fitted to tease and annoy even a man of his bulk and his blandness. Shall a drunkard found dead in a ditch, or a burglar who has fallen through a skylight, be given the benefit of the Burial Service? he was asked. The question of lighted candles was "most difficult"; the wearing of coloured stoles and the administration of the mixed chalice taxed him considerably; and finally there was the Rev. John Purchas, who, dressed in cope, alb, biretta and stole "cross-wise," lit candles and extinguished them "for no special reason"; filled a vessel with black powder and rubbed it into the foreheads of his congregation; and hung over the Holy

Table "a figure, image, or stuffed skin of a dove, in a flying attitude." The Archbishop's temper, usually so positive and imperturbable, was gravely ruffled. "Will there ever come a time when it will be thought a crime to have striven to keep the Church of England as representing the common sense of the Nation?" he asked. "I suppose it may, but I shall not see it. I have gone through a good deal, but I do not repent of having done my best." If for a moment the Archbishop himself could ask such a question, we must confess to a state of complete bewilderment. What has become of our superlatively good man? He is harassed and cumbered; spends his time settling questions about stuffed pigeons and coloured petticoats; writes over eighty letters before breakfast sometimes; scarcely has time to run over to Paris and buy his daughter a bonnet; and in the end has to ask himself whether one of these days his conduct will not be considered a crime.

Was it a crime? And if so, was it his fault? Did he not start out in the belief that Christianity had something to do with renunciation and was not entirely a matter of common sense? If honours and obligations, pomps and possessions accumulated and encrusted him, how, being an Archbishop, could he refuse to accept them? Princesses, after all, must have their soap. And, pathetic though it seems, he never completely lost his interest in science. He wore a pedometer; he was one of the first to use a camera and to believe in a typewriter; and in his last years he tried to mend a broken clock. He was a delightful father too; he wrote witty, terse, sensible letters; his good stories were much to the point; and he died in harness. Certainly he was a very able man, but if we insist upon goodness—is it easy, is it possible, for a good man to be an Archbishop?

V. W.

THE APRIORI ROAD IN POLITICS

SYNDICALISM AND PHILOSOPHICAL REALISM: A STUDY IN THE CORRELATION OF CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL TENDENCIES. By J. W. Scott, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. (Black. 10s. net.)

ONE of the hardest lessons for the philosopher is that his science, "like a virgin consecrated to God, is barren." We are apt to envy the faith of Plato, that by the Idea of the Good we might settle every detailed problem of policy—our tariffs, our artistic canons, and our curriculum—or the doctrine sometimes implied by Kant, that from a right consideration of the idea of duty we might deduce all the particulars of private conduct; just as though by pondering the abstract conception of truth we could detect a criminal or discover the orbits of the stars.

It is, perhaps, because there is no such royal road to knowledge or to right behaviour that we have come to desire nothing so little as that philosophers should be our kings. Moral philosophy and logic are the reflective analyses which disengage the essential principles of the moral and logical activities that we do in fact exercise: to warp those activities in order to fit them to our theories is to poison the wells of truth.

Mr. Scott's thesis is an interesting example of the opposite view. He states it briefly: "Much current philosophy, if true, would essentially justify what is sometimes spoken of as the new philosophy of Labour." It is difficult to avoid feeling that he implies something further: that an older philosophy, which is his own, would refute this "new philosophy of Labour." He is easily able to show that Sorel has tried to affiliate his policy of violence and his "myth of the general strike" to the intuitionism of Bergson, and he takes full advantage

of this opening, though he allows that the relationship would not be admitted by more constructive syndicalists.

If we grant, for the sake of argument, his interpretation of this Bergsonian doctrine as an expedient of intellectual *ignavia*, he might have taken the line that all enthusiasts who cannot trouble scientifically to work out their ideals—whether of private or guild ownership—might father them upon such a theory of immediate intuition. But, instead of this, he argues that Bergsonism must issue not only in action on uncalculating impulse, but precisely in that syndicalism which is the failure of constructive socialism.

The argument that there is a similar connection of the realisms of Meinong and Russell with syndicalism is less easy to follow. It is mainly based on the contention that both are guilty of "narrowness." This Mr. Scott finds among the realists in their search for "the single given" as against "the constructed whole," and their emphasis on the individual as against the general will. Among the syndicalists he finds it in their preoccupation with "economic good," which he says is "not essentially shareable," as opposed to "political objects," where the dispute at least professes to be "about what is best for the country." This is surely a confusion based on the ambiguous expression "common good." Few if any goods are literally enjoyed in common by all or most of the citizens. Even pure air is only purified locally, and may be an object of competition. But the just distribution of economic goods can be as much a common ideal, as proper an object for unselfish effort or national pride, as any other. In any case the opponents of syndicalism might be included in the same "economic" condemnation.

A similar looseness in the use of current philosophical terms appears in the argument that, since idealism believes reality to be "constructed," the realists are tempted to reply that it is "found" or "given" from a slothful distaste for the labour of "construction," and in the connection of this with the refusal of any "constructive" programme by Sorel. But the construction of reality which idealists maintain to be constantly going on is not a conscious or deliberate construction, and need be no more laborious than the study of a given world or (as Mr. Scott is well aware Bergson would maintain) than Bergson's "intuition."

It has already been hinted that the interpretations offered of Bergson, Russell, and the syndicalists might alike be questioned even by those who agree very little with any of these writers. A striking instance is the statement that, according to Bergson's "Le Rire," the peculiar object of ridicule is "faithfulness to principle when such faithfulness is awkward . . . the very soul of the moral life." What Bergson takes for the essence of the ludicrous is mechanism where we expect life. And the mechanical adherence to principles out of which the life has gone, or which do not fit the circumstances, is "priggishness," which is as immoral as it is absurd.

If Hegel's philosophy is true, we should expect to find in it a justification for the existence of any real movement of thought or life. For the fact that it has further been used, more than any other, to prove the absolute validity of opposing propaganda, from Marx to Treitschke, he was not himself always free from responsibility.

E. F. C.

"NAPOLEON," a play by Mr. Herbert Trench, is about to be published by Mr. Milford, of the Oxford University Press. It is in four acts and eight scenes, the action taking place in the neighbourhood of Dover and in Boulogne. The chief incident of the play is Napoleon's secret excursion across the Channel to Kent in order to reconnoitre personally.

THE SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM

PROMINENT POINTS IN THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SHAKESPEARE, ARRANGED IN FOUR TABLES. By William Poel. (Longmans. 2s. net.)

SOUS LE MASQUE DE "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE": WILLIAM STANLEY, VIE COMTE DE DERBY. Par Abel Lefranc. Professeur au Collège de France. 2 tomes. (Paris, Payot. 6 fr. each.)

DURING the past year Mr. Poel has been publishing tabular abstracts of all that is certainly known of the life and work of Shakespeare, and he has now reprinted them for the use of students. It is not too much to say that they must henceforth be regarded as indispensable to every Shakespeare scholar. The first of them summarizes for the Elizabethan period the (1) Facts (a) Stratford, (b) London; (2) Traditions (1650-1760); (3) Contemporary Events and Allusions; (4) Unproved, and (5) Unknown. The last we quote in full:

Date of birth: what he did before he was eighteen: whether he saw the Queen at Kenilworth: date and place of marriage: where he lived afterwards: when he left Stratford: which year he reached London: when he first joined a company of players: when he first returned to Stratford.

It will be recognized that each clause relegates a dozen pages of the standard biographies to their proper place as pure conjecture or exegesis.

It is to be regretted that M. Abel Lefranc had not the advantage of consulting such tables, and did not think of constructing them for his own use when some ten years ago, under American impulse, he took up the Shakespeare problem. Without being in the first rank of French scholars, he has done some valuable work on the earlier French Renaissance, has made some ingenious speculations on the connection of the voyages of Pantagruel with the early French attempts at the North-West Passage, and, as he tells us himself, has lectured on Molière at the Collège de France. His study has led him to a new theory of the authorship of the plays, all compact of "ifs" and assertions. He lays down three propositions: the works printed under the name of Shakespeare cannot have been written by the Man of Stratford; according to all the evidence, they were written by an aristocrat who wished to remain unknown; and, thirdly, facts, inferences and coincidences united suggest that this aristocrat was the sixth Earl of Derby. Let us follow his arguments.

M. Lefranc contends, in the first place, that works like Shakespeare's must correspond to some extent with the life of the author. As a general rule that is true, and the chief difficulty of orthodox biographers is to reconcile the plays with the traditional figure they describe. But the life of Turner shows that this correlation between works of the highest genius and personal elevation of life is not universally true, and, moreover, M. Lefranc in his thesis cannot be allowed to assume anything about Shakespeare's life that he cannot prove. All that we know about the man Shakespeare is that he was careful and successful in money matters, that he was an actor in 1594, 1598, and 1603, and a part owner of a theatre from 1599. As M. Lefranc himself says:

La vie morale et intellectuelle nous échappe totalement, comme elle semble avoir échappé à ses contemporains. Depuis les années de son enfance et de sa jeunesse, jusqu'à son énigmatique retraite à Stratford, cet aspect de son existence ne présente, en effet, qu'un mystère absolu.

But if we know nothing of his moral and intellectual life, on what ground can we deny the possibility of his having written the works that pass under his name? On the *ipse dixit* of M. Lefranc and his predecessors denying an established reputation, vouched for by contemporaries, a commercial asset at the time, unquestioned till the rise of an American school of *a priori* criticism? To show incompatibility between Shakespeare's life and work, another supposititious biography must be written.

If it is agreed that these plays were written by a superlative genius, surely the need for his being an aristocrat sinks into insignificance. Even M. Lefranc will not contend that it is impossible for a youth born in humble circumstances to find his way into aristocratic circles before he is thirty. One mark of genius, it has been said, is its almost intuitive grasp of things which must be painfully acquired by others. M. Lefranc hints (p. 126) that "Venus and Adonis," dedicated to Southampton, was only licensed because the real author disclosed himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury. How came a secret not to be revealed which must have been known to so many persons?

The identification of the author as William Stanley, afterwards sixth Earl of Derby, is, however, M. Lefranc's main discovery. It is supported by one fact, that in two intercepted letters from spies in 1599 it is said that he was then busied in penning comedies for the common players. It is not difficult for us to conjecture what these "comedies" were: "The Bold Beachams" and "The Trial of Chivalry," acted by Lord Derby's company in 1599, are certainly not by Heywood. For M. Lefranc they are of course the masterpieces of Shakespeare. To aid this "proof" he infers (p. 184): (1) That Shakespeare belonged to a Derby company of actors. Of this there is no proof, though he did belong to the Lord Chamberlain's company after 1594. (2) That private representations took place at Lathom, probably the origin of "Hamlet" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Again, no proof. (3) That the Derby family were interested in the Chester plays. (4) That a Chester pageant of the Nine Worthies finished with the Four Seasons, while the pageant in "Love's Labour's Lost" ends with two songs by Winter and Spring. But the Nine Worthies are not the same; they were introduced, some of them, in every village play; and the songs have no relation to the Chester plays. (5) That the Nine Worthies of Shakespeare were composed by a schoolmaster, and Derby's tutor had written a book about them in 1584. But the two are utterly unlike. (6) That Lord Derby wrote in 1606 to the Mayor of Chester in favour of a company of actors. (7) That in 1599 Lord Derby discouraged a conspiracy to set him on the throne, in order that he might have time to write comedies! (8) That the Derby family had many literary friends. Add to these, that Derby was handsome, while Shakespeare was wooden-faced (p. 187); that Derby wrote a clear Italian hand pronounced by a graphologist to show the highest type of mentality (p. 189), while Shakespeare's is hardly legible, and we have a body of united inferences and facts, which must surely convince us that Lord Derby wrote the plays. If not, M. Lefranc will despair of our intelligence.

The impression left on us by a careful study of the book is that M. Lefranc is, perhaps, inadequately prepared to deal with one of the vital questions of English literature. He fails to apprehend the intention of "Shakespeare's England"; his insistence on Derby's musicianship implies an ignorance of the fact that every English man and woman was a practising musician in those days; his remarks on the character of Armado indicate that he has not troubled to look at Churchyard's "Phantastical Monarcho"; and his statements as to the quartos show that he knows nothing of the work done on them in the last ten years, though he names Mr. Pollard's "Shakespeare Quartos and Folios," obviously without having read it. Finally, his point about handwriting makes his case desperate: it is as nearly certain as may be that the "copy" of the good quartos was in an English hand, with some at least of the peculiarities of the Shakespeare signatures.

R. S.

INARTICULATIONS

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE. By W. S. Maugham. (Heinemann. 7s. net.)

HAD Mr. Maugham confessed to his hero Charles Strickland, a painter of genius, his great desire to present him, to explain him to the public, with all his eccentricities, violences and odious ways included, we imagine the genius would have retorted in his sardonic way: "Go to hell. Let them look at my pictures or not look at them—damn them. My painting is all there is to me." This discouraging reply is not without a large grain of truth. Strickland cut himself off from the body of life, clumsily, obstinately, savagely—hacking away, regardless of torn flesh and quivering nerves, like some old Maori warrior separating himself from a shattered limb with a piece of sharp shell. What proof have we that he suffered? No proof at all. On the contrary, each fresh ugly blow wrung a grin or a chuckle from him, but never the slightest sign that he would have had it otherwise if he could.

If we had his pictures before us, or the memory of them in our mind's eye, this his state of mind might be extremely illuminating, but without them, with nothing to reinforce our knowledge of him but a description of two or three which might apply equally well to a very large number of modern works, we are left strangely unsatisfied. The more so in that Mr. Maugham takes extraordinary pains in explaining to us that Strickland is no imaginary character. His paintings are known everywhere, everywhere acclaimed. Books have been written about him in English and French and German. He even goes so far as to give us the authors' and the publishers' names—well-known live publishers who would surely never allow their names to be taken in vain. So it comes to this. If Strickland is a real man and this book a sort of guide to his works, it has its value; but if Mr. Maugham is merely pulling our critical leg it will not do. Then, we are not told enough. We must be shown something of the workings of his mind; we must have some comment of his upon what he feels, fuller and more exhaustive than his perpetual: "Go to hell." It is simply essential that there should be some quality in him revealed to us that we may love, something that will stop us for ever from crying: "If you have to be so odious before you can paint bananas—pray leave them unpainted."

Here are the facts. Charles Strickland, a middle-aged stockbroker, the husband of a charming cultured woman and the father of two typically nice English children, suddenly, on a day, without a hint of warning, leaves his home and business and goes off to Paris to paint. The reason is unthinkable. A sturdy, ruddy middle-aged man cannot so utterly change his nature. He can; he does. Living in poverty, great untidiness and discomfort, he renounces his old life and seemingly never gives it another thought. For the moment he sheds that respectable envelope and is away, it is no longer part of his new self. He is grown out of its roundness and firmness and is become a lean pale creature with a great red beard, a hooked nose and thick sensual lips, possessed with one passion, ravaged by one desire—to paint great pictures. Paris he accepts as though he had always known it. He lives the life of its disreputable quarters as though he had been brought up in them and adopts its ugly ways with a kind of fiendish glee. Then he is discovered, half dead of a fever, by a stupid kind-hearted little Dutchman who takes him into his flat and nurses him. The adored gentle wife of the Dutchman falls under Strickland's spell and ruins her life for him. When he is sick of her (for his contempt for women is fathomless) she takes poison and dies. And Strickland, his sexual appetite satisfied, "smiles dryly and pulls his beard."

Finally, he leaves Paris and makes his home in Tahiti. Here he goes native, living in a remote hut with a black woman and her relatives, and painting masterpieces until

his body takes its great and final revenge upon his spirit and he becomes a leper. He lives for years, painting the walls of his house. When he is dying he makes his black wife promise to burn the house down so that the pictures may be destroyed. "His life was complete. He had made a world and saw that it was good. Then, in pride and contempt, he destroyed it."

This strange story is related by a friend of Mrs. Strickland's, a young, rather priggish author, who is sent over to Paris after the first tragedy to discover with whom Strickland has eloped and whether he can be induced to return.

"You won't go back to your wife?" I said at last.

"Never."

"... She'll never make you a single reproach."

"She can go to hell."

"You don't care if people think you an utter blackguard? You don't care if she and her children have to beg their bread?"

"Not a damn."

That is very typical of their conversations together. Indeed, the young man confesses that if Strickland is a great deal more articulate than that, he has put the words into his mouth—divined them from his gestures. "From his own conversation I was able to glean nothing." And "his real life consisted of dreams and of tremendously hard work." But where are the dreams? Strickland gives no hint of them; the young man makes no attempt to divine them. "He asked nothing from his fellows except that they should leave him alone. He was single-hearted in his aim, and to pursue it he was willing to sacrifice not only himself—many can do that—but others..." But what does the sacrifice matter if you do not care a rap whether the creature on the altar is a little horned ram or your only beloved son?

The one outstanding quality in Strickland's nature seems to have been his contempt for life and the ways of life. But contempt for life is not to be confused with liberty, nor can the man whose weapon it is fight a tragic battle or die a tragic death. If to be a great artist were to push over everything that comes in one's way, topple over the table, lunge out right and left like a drunken man in a café and send the pots flying, then Strickland was a great artist. But great artists are not drunken men; they are men who are divinely sober. They know that the moon can never be bought for sixpence, and that liberty is only a profound realization of the greatness of the dangers in their midst.

K. M.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MR. W. J. LEIGHTON, the second part of whose stock is to be sold next week, was one of the foremost booksellers and bookbinders of his day. His illustrated catalogues, issued at intervals during the last fifteen years, were extremely valuable records of rare books, and the set of facsimiles he issued three years ago filled some gaps. He was especially interested in fine bindings, whether from the quality of the leather, the excellence and variety of the tooling, or the historical associations connected with them. This sale contains amongst others two fine blind-tooled bindings with the arms of Henry VIII. and perhaps from his library; a good modern copy of Byron in the florid style; a Theophylactus in a London stamped binding with the royal arms, and many fifteenth-century books in their original boards. Collectors of incunabula will find many in this sale, quite a number of them not being in Proctor, and a few still more interesting as being the earliest printed in their respective places of origin. The earliest offered in this sale is a Propertius printed in 1472 at Jesi. Admirers of English books will find an early Chaucer of 1532; first editions of "Queen Mab," 1813, and of "The Holy War," 1682; a rare Martin Marprelate tract, a number of Royal Proclamations, Amadis of Greece and King Arthur, and half a dozen other rare romances. Several modern presses like the Doves and Ashendene are represented. There is a full set of Drayton; a fine copy of Henry VIII.'s "Assertio Septem Sacramentorum," which belonged to his chaplain; and half a dozen Horæ, one being of the greatest rarity. A copy of Grose de Boze's rare tract (three only printed) is in the British Museum. A still rarer book is Sir Walter Scott's first published work, "Goetz of Berlichingen." The chief interest of the sale, however, lies in the number of fine incunabula offered, and it will be of interest to note how far the demand for them is increasing.

Science

A CRUCIAL PHENOMENON

THE routine phenomena of Astronomy usually excite but scant interest in the rest of the scientific world and, except when they have pictorial aspects, are totally ignored by the "great" world. Amongst these routine phenomena, however, solar eclipses have achieved a certain popularity, due to their obvious pictorial effects. To the astronomer a solar eclipse, particularly a total solar eclipse, is interesting for several reasons, but the interest attaching to the coming total eclipse of May 29th is altogether unusual. It might not be too much to say that the coming eclipse is awaited by the scientific world with more interest than has attended any similar phenomenon. The Joint Permanent Eclipse Committee of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies have sent out two expeditions from this country, one of which has gone to the island of Principe off the West Coast of Africa, whilst the other has gone to Brazil. The special object of these expeditions is to photograph the stars in the neighbourhood of the sun. Usually, at the time of total eclipse, the sun does not happen to be in a region of the sky containing sufficiently bright stars, but at the coming eclipse the sun is very favourably situated on the Hyades and, given good weather, successful photographs should be obtained. When these photographs are obtained they will be compared with photographs of the same region taken at night during last winter. Both sets of photographs will have been taken with the same instruments. The great interest of the observation will then reside in the answer to the question: are the stars on the second set of photographs displaced with reference to those on the first set? In other words, is the light from a star bent when it passes close to the sun? And by how much? It is the last question, the amount of the deflection, which is really the centre of this inquiry. For the electromagnetic theory of light would account for a certain deflection. Should the deflection exceed the amount predicted by this theory, should it be, in fact, exactly double this amount, then the most famous physical theory of modern times, Einstein's theory of gravitation, would have received a very striking confirmation. For this theory predicts that, in the circumstances indicated, light should be deflected and that the deflection should be precisely twice that allowed for by electromagnetic theory. Hence the experiment is crucial and, in view of the far-reaching nature of Einstein's theory, of the profoundest scientific importance.

It would be impossible to give a detailed non-technical account of Einstein's theory of gravitation: it is intimately connected with the famous Principle of Relativity, enunciated by the same author in 1905 and is, indeed, a generalization of it. That principle asserted that the laws governing natural phenomena remain the same whether the phenomena be considered as taking place in a system at rest or in a system in uniform motion. That is to say, no physical experiments will enable us to detect a uniform motion of translation with respect to the æther—the æther being imagined to constitute an absolute frame of reference. But systems possessing a uniform motion of translation, i.e., unaccelerated systems, are not recognizable intuitively, and the only definition of them that can be given is that, with respect to them, a particular form of the laws holds. It is part of the object of Einstein's theory to restate the laws of Nature in a form not confined to such systems. All systems are regarded by this theory as being on the same footing. Now the force of gravitation is remarkable for the fact that it acts on all bodies alike. The nature of the body, its chemical con-

stitution, its temperature, its mass, are all indifferent. The acceleration produced by a given gravitational field is independent of all such properties. Now when we pass from systems in uniform motion to other systems the behaviour of phenomena is as if a field of force came into existence in the new space. A body which was before moving in a straight line, for instance, will no longer move in a straight line. The deflections so produced are independent of the nature of the body deflected; they are purely geometrical deformations. Hence Einstein conceived the idea that gravitation may be essentially of the same nature as the geometrical forces introduced by passing from one system to another. It is the working out of this idea that has led to the new law of gravitation. The new law differs from that of Newton and has been successful in accounting for the motion of the perihelion of the planet Mercury, a motion which was inexplicable by the Newtonian law of gravitation. This success led to the great interest which has been taken in the theory. It has not, however, been uniformly successful. According to the theory the vibrations executed by an atom in the Sun should be slower than those executed by a similar atom on earth. The lines of the solar spectrum should therefore show a displacement towards the red end and the amount of the displacement can be calculated. Dr. St. John, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, made some direct measurements and found that the prediction was not fulfilled. The measurements were difficult, however, and there are certain effects which tend to obscure the results. Mr. Evershed, of the Kodaikanal Observatory, repeated the measurements with the additional device of obtaining the spectrum from the back of the sun by photographing the integrated light reflected from Venus. The results of these measurements again failed to accord with those predicted by Einstein's theory. Alternative explanations have been suggested, however, and for this reason the forthcoming eclipse will afford a crucial test of the theory.

S.

THE QUEEN OF THE SCIENCES

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON DYNAMICAL ASTRONOMY. By H. C. Plummer. (Cambridge, University Press. 18s. net.)

THERE is no greater single achievement of the human reason than that collection of equations which forms the organic whole called Dynamical Astronomy. The sheer difficulty of many of its problems has never been surpassed; the greatest efforts of the greatest mathematicians have been devoted to their elucidation. For this reason alone the subject must possess interest to those who care for the things of the mind in a generous and comprehensive spirit, but when to this is added the æsthetic dignity lent to these researches by the physical nature of the subject-matter, the interest becomes altogether absorbing. The scale of the phenomena with which we are concerned, the immense distances, the vast periods of time, the gigantic masses, which give to astronomy its curiously non-human character, give it at the same time, by the paradoxical law of man's being, its intense fascination. Man has felt this fascination from the earliest ages; astronomy is the oldest of the sciences. The apparent motions of the stars, regular and yet complex, were indeed singularly well-fitted to awaken in man one of his profoundest passions, the passion to comprehend. Every civilization had its cosmogonies, and man nowhere displayed greater ingenuity or perseverance than in their construction. The science of astronomy was dignified beyond all other sciences by being associated with man's religious beliefs, and this fact, although it sometimes retarded free discussion, yet, by sustaining interest, was probably more of a gain than of a loss in the early history

of the science. But these early attempts at comprehensive theories, although often testifying to a surprising acuteness of observation and to great speculative ability, have no longer more than an historical interest. They were usually based upon radically false assumptions and left nothing that could be incorporated in a true theory. The actual recorded observations, on the other hand, retained their value, and it is by no means exhausted even at the present day. Very interesting modern conclusions as to the secular increase in the length of the day, for instance, depend very largely upon ancient Babylonian, Assyrian, Greek, Egyptian and Chinese records.

But modern Dynamical Astronomy cannot be considered to have existed before Kepler, in the early part of the seventeenth century, enunciated his three laws of planetary motion. They were the result of a life time of intense labour, of labour pursued with that passion without which great scientific discoveries are not made. Dynamical Astronomy is the result of, amongst other things, a vast amount of enthusiasm, and if its history were more generally known the epithet "inspired" would not be so exclusively reserved for poets. It is worth while to quote Kepler's own statement on discovering his third law, the law connecting the distances and periodic times of the planets:

It is not eighteen months since I got the first glimpse of light, three months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled sun, most admirable to gaze upon, burst upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it; the die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which; it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer.

And on finding that a certain theory of the motion of Mars was not consistent with the observations, he wrote: "... the war is raging anew as violently as before. For the enemy, left at home a despised captive, has burst all the chains of the equations, and broken forth from the prisons of the tables." This is not the usual language of Dynamical Astronomy, but it is an expression of the spirit that informs it.

With the discovery by Newton that Kepler's laws can be deduced from the law of gravitation the foundations of Dynamical Astronomy were laid. Henceforth its history may be considered as a prolonged deduction of the consequences of the law of gravitation. The extreme simplicity of this law and the fact that the infinitely complex investigations of Dynamical Astronomy are logical deductions from it, is what gives the subject its unequalled, if austere, beauty. The inexhaustible complexity of the observed motions and the simplicity of the fundamental link uniting them constitute an organic whole affording a degree of pleasure to contemplation which is not matched by any other subject. It is unfortunate that the subject, in its entirety, can never be accessible to more than a few. Certain of its branches, such as lunar theory, have reached such a stage of development that their complete mastery may well occupy a whole life. Even the broad outlines of the subject are not known as they should be even by students of the mathematical sciences. This is largely inevitable, for any great mathematical science has developed a technique and methods which are largely peculiar to it, and only the exceptionally omnivorous student feels inclined to master more than one special technique. The amount of labour involved is sometimes very great, and until quite recently Dynamical Astronomy was singularly inaccessible to the mathematical student who did not wish to pursue the subject *au fond*. The best-known treatise was Tisserand's "*Mécanique Céleste*," a thorough going work in four large volumes. Poincaré's two treatises were, for the most part, much too difficult, and nothing existed in English which was at once comprehensive and reasonably intelligible. The present

volume, from the Royal Astronomer of Ireland, is therefore very welcome. It covers, with a fair amount of detail, practically the whole subject, and it is intelligible to any respectable mathematical student.

In discussing the motions of the planets the most seductive method would be, of course, to start with the general case of the motions of any number of bodies exerting forces on one another in accordance with Newton's law of gravitation. This problem, in its general form, happens, however, to be insoluble; the opposite method, of building up from the more simple to the more complex, must be adopted. The greatest possible simplification is, of course, the case of two bodies only. The two bodies are considered to be spheres so that they attract one another as if the whole mass of each was concentrated at its centre. Since the mass of the sun is much greater than that of any planet, we can, in applications to the solar system, introduce a further simplification. In this way we establish our preliminary theorems, and proceed to deal with the undisturbed motion of two bodies. Even in this case some of the investigations may be sufficiently complex. In determining the orbits of double stars, for instance, we have only two bodies to consider, but an additional complication is introduced by the fact that the motion we observe is a projection of the actual motion upon the celestial sphere. The actual path of the revolving stars may, of course, be inclined at any angle to this projected path, and hence the path we see is foreshortened. The deduction of the true path from the observed path is then a special problem. Further, there are many double stars which cannot be seen as double even in the most powerful telescopes. It is only by observations of the spectrum that we are enabled to infer that the star is double. Thus α Geminorum is a double star in the telescope, but the spectroscope shows that each component is itself double. And Polaris, which appears a single star in the telescope, has been shown to be a triple system, consisting of a close pair revolving round a more distant third body. Now the spectroscope only measures radial velocities, and we have to determine the elements of an elliptic orbit from these, so that again a special problem is involved. Also, in general, in trying to ascertain the motion of a new heavenly body, such as a comet, we must remember that it may be moving in any one of the conic sections and we have first to settle which of these constitutes its orbit. For the calculation of the elements of the orbit a special mathematical technique has been invented in order that we may pass from one class of observed quantities to another. The development of such special techniques plays a large part in Dynamical Astronomy.

Before we can pass to the problems actually presented in the solar system we have to develop our theory to include more than two bodies. We have to consider the forces exercised by the planets on one another, and in doing so we are led to the consideration of one of the profoundest problems in Dynamical Astronomy, that of the stability of the solar system. In the actual calculation of perturbations we are again led to construct a special technique. For it must be remembered that nearly all the investigations of Dynamical Astronomy must finally lead to arithmetic. We want, as our final result, actual figures, and a formula which is quite satisfactory to the pure mathematician is often not at all suited to the requirements of the computer. Except for practical purposes, however, such formulae have very little interest, and Professor Plummer does not waste too much time in providing them.

Passing from the general case, we come to special problems, of which the most important, and one of the most baffling, is the motion of the moon. The difficulty of this problem can hardly be exaggerated. We have to take into account the attraction of the earth, the sun, and the other planets. As Newton says:

A more hopeless problem than this could not be presented to the ordinary human intellect. There are tens of thousands of men who could be successful in all the ordinary walks of life, hundreds who could wield empires, thousands who could gain wealth, for one who could take up this astronomical problem with any hope of success. The men who have done it are therefore in intellect the select few of the human race—an aristocracy ranking above all others in the scale of being.

Perhaps the greatest of these "aristocrats" is G. W. Hill, whose theory is remarkable for its profundity and originality. His work has been carried out by E. W. Brown, and Professor Plummer's two chapters on lunar theory are devoted to its discussion.

Such are some of the subjects treated by *Dynamical Astronomy*. The reader interested in such questions will find in the present volume a delightfully clear and compact discussion of them. The book is presented in a format and type worthy of it.

SIR ARTHUR EVANS ON STONEHENGE

IN the course of his anniversary address to the Society of Antiquaries on May 1, the retiring President, Sir Arthur Evans, made the following remarks with reference to the gift of Stonehenge to the nation, and its contemplated exploration under the auspices of the Society:

"In this connection, I may perhaps be allowed to repeat a caveat that I have entered more than once against the received theories of Stonehenge. At the presentation ceremony, as usual, the speakers were full of the solar relations of the monument and even of its astronomical bearing. More than once I heard it described as the 'Temple of the Sun.' Whatever we may think of the original purpose of the 'Friar's Heel,' the deliberate and approximately accurate orientation of the monument must strike every eye. But if, as I believe, the evolution of greater stone circles may be traced back through the smaller examples surrounding a central mound, which often reduplicate the ringstones that actually support the outline of the mound itself; and if again the central mounded chamber, afterwards reserved for the dead, is in its earlier stage but the circular habitation of primitive man, the orientation itself, however afterwards adapted to more religious ideas, is an original feature of all such structures. Anyone acquainted with such mound dwellings, with their supporting stones, as they exist to-day in various Northern countries (I need only instance the Lapp 'Gamme' and Siberian 'Yurt'), will be well aware that the short entrance passage, which afterwards, by the same process as that affecting the ringstones of ceremonial extension, becomes the Avenue, is placed on the side, where during the part of the year when the sun is visible its first appearance is most easily perceived.

"For my own part I shall continue to believe that the whole class of rude stone monuments to which Stonehenge belongs grew out of a sepulchral cult. It seems to me moreover to be of primary significance that Stonehenge stands in relation to an extensive burial area marked by barrows of more than one type, containing implements going back to an early period of the British Bronze Age. Stonehenge itself, moreover, presents a real analogy on a larger scale to the disc-shaped barrows, and it is a highly significant fact that Aubrey recalls the exhumation by Inigo Jones, near one of the triliths, of a thuribulum or incense vessel typical of the surrounding Bronze Age interments. The discovery of coarse British pottery, six feet down, by the so-called 'Altar' also points to actual interment within the circle.

"The orientation of Stonehenge is a fact. Its grand scale puts it out of the category of ordinary funeral monuments, and there is every reason to believe that it was associated with a higher cult. The bones of deer and oxen dug up in the interior certainly point to sacrifice in such a connection. But that cult, I maintain, should be rather sought in the direction of the gods of the underworld than of any solar divinity. The indication of interment within the sacred limits is certainly best reconcilable with that hypothesis as well as the funda-

mental relation in which Stonehenge and other great monuments of the kind unquestionably stand.

"In this chthonic connection, moreover, the legendary invocation of Merlin's magic agency by which the stones were transported to Salisbury Plain is not to be neglected. For Merlin, as has been shown by Professor Rhys, is only the later impersonation of the Celtic god Cernunnus, identified by the Romans with Dis Pater, the God of the Underworld.

"We have here to deal not with an individual funereal monument, but a monument of many, enshrining the worship of a tribe or people. But it may be taken also to include the commemoration of many individual chiefs of that bygone race. The stones themselves, according to the almost universal conception of those who set up the great circles and alignments, beliefs so vividly preserved by the more primitive races of India at the present day, are the actual abode of the spirits of the departed. At a time when so many of us are pre-occupied with the monuments of our own dead on so many foreign fields this aspect of Stonehenge will be felt to have a solemn significance, and its re-entrustment at this time to the guardianship of the nation must be recognized as singularly opportune."

Referring to the ancient remains of this country, the President urged the constant necessity of bearing in mind the wide continental connection in which they stood. "Britain," he remarked, "is historically less of an island than some countries at least that form part of the continent of Europe. Cast your eyes backward for a moment. I hardly need ask you to recall the time when Britain itself formed part of the continent of Europe, and the Thames flowed into the Rhine. But we have to remember that, throughout not only historic but late prehistoric times, wave after wave of continental invaders have, temporarily at least, practically annexed part of our island. To begin even with the Early Bronze Age, no one can adequately gauge discoveries in Britain without a fair knowledge of the similar finds between the Channel and the Alps. The earliest Iron Age remains show intimate points of contact with the Italo-Hallstatt Province. When we come to what is still known here as the Late Celtic Age, a name more comprehensive than La Tène, we have the actual evidence, in this case supplied by the earliest coinage, that South-Eastern England was for the time actually annexed to Belgic Gaul, and its supreme court in every sense was probably for a while rather at Soissons and Arras than even at Verulam or Colchester. But this union begun by the Belgic Gauls was enlarged and consolidated by the Romans. The remains of Roman Britain have to be studied (and I am glad to see that this fact is appreciated by our explorers) with constant reference to Roman provincial organization elsewhere and to the cultural monuments of the whole Roman world. The Saxon Conquest that follows; though it hardly established any political supremacy from overseas, annexed this country, from the point of view of language, arts and institutions, to the North German lands. At one moment under Knut, we actually formed a part of the Danish monarchy. *Pari passu* with this, the triumph of Roman Christianity had restored to a great extent the intellectual dominion of Rome. Next came the Norman Conquest, reimposing to a great extent a continental civilization which was supplemented by the Angevin connection. In our archaeological studies we have, in short, to recognize the necessity of taking count at every turn of antecedent conditions extending far beyond our insular limits. It is that which makes the really adequate treatment of the remains of this country in many ways a more complicated matter than are those of France, let us say, to a Frenchman, or of Germany to a German. It has been said that Russians are such good linguists because their own language is so exceptionally difficult. In view of that analogy we may entertain great hopes for English archaeology."

SOCIETIES

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—April 24.—Sir Arthur Evans, President, in the chair.—Major V. J. E. Ryan and Messrs. D. Arthur Colgate and E. E. Pilkington Rose were elected Fellows.

The Rev. A. W. Hands exhibited a denarius of Carausius found in the Cotswolds, *obv.* IMP CARAUSIUS AVG. Bust *r. rev.* clasped hands CONCORDIA [*sic*]: R.S.R. (wt. 55.5 gr.). The legend CONCORDIA alone was not previously known on the silver coins of Carausius.—Prof. Oman exhibited debased *antoniniani* of Victorinus, Tetricus I.

and II., Aurelian, Tacitus, Florianus, Probus, Carus, all apparently silver rather than silver washed.—Sir Arthur Evans exhibited an aureus of Aurelian, *obv.* IMPLCDOM AURELIANUS AUG. Bust *l. rev.* FIDES MILITUM, Fides holding standard in each hand.—Mr. F. A. Walters showed a silver fourth-century drachm of Athens with an unpublished symbol, head of Medusa.—Mr. L. A. Lawrence showed a denarius, apparently a mule between M. Aurelius and Lucius Verus. *obv.* IMPLVERVS AUG. Bust of Lucius *r. rev.* Providentia standing *l.* PROV DEOR TRP XVII COS IIII a date of the reign of M. Aurelius.—Prof. Oman showed a 25-pfennig note of Niederlahnstein with the satirical type of an aged and ineffectual food controller armed with a quill pen, represented as helpless against a food-hoarder, and a 50-pfennig note of Ausbach with type, the Devil carrying off a food-hoarder to hell.—Mr. Webb exhibited a fine series of coins of the third century in illustration of his paper.

Mr. Percy H. Webb read a paper on the reform of the coinage by Aurelian. The evidence of the coins was against Homo's theory of two reforms—one in 271, and the other in 274—and none of the historians suggest two reforms. The historical references are inconsistent with the view that the reform of the mint involved any alteration in the monetary system. The coins themselves show a great improvement in size, style and alloy. They fall into two classes and a small class of traditional pieces. The first class closely resembles the coinage of Claudius Gothicus; then follows a small transitional series of better workmanship. The third class shows great improvement, and marks the completion of the reform. Members of it always bear a radiate bust on a crescent. The modern practice of mint-marking was very irregularly employed till the reform of Aurelian, who developed the system, which enabled coins to be traced to the officers responsible for their issue, and thus checked previous fraudulent practices. Mr. Webb discussed the XX. and XXI. coins, and the inscription *vsv.* He suggested that Aurelian's improved coins were *antoniniani* of 20 to the aureus. His reforms on the whole seem to have been a restoration of the old system rather than the introduction of a new one.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- FRI., 9. Astronomical, 5.
Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Chinese Turkistan, Past and Present," Sir George Macartney.
Malacological, 6.—"On a New Species of *Ampullaria* in the Geneva Museum," Mr. G. B. Sowerby;
"On Parthenogenesis in *Paludetrina jenkinsi*," Dr. A. E. Boycott;
"Notes on the Mollusca of Lord Howe Island," Mr. T. Iredale.
- SAT., 10. London Day Training College, Southampton Row, 11 a.m.—"India," Sir Valentine Chirol. (Problems of Reconstruction.)
Royal Institution, 3.—"Chapters in the Psychology of Industry," Lecture II., Professor H. S. Foxwell.
- MON., 12. Geographical, 8.30.—"Crete: its Scenery and Natural Features," Mr. A. Trevor Battye.
- TUES., 13. Royal Institution, 3.—"British Ethnology: The People of Ireland," Lecture III., Professor A. Keith.
Anthropological Institute, 5.—"Dwellings and Costumes of Old Fiji," Sir Everard im Thurn.
Dr. Williams's Library, 5.30.—"The Analysis of Mind: II. Sensations and Images," Hon. Bertrand Russell.
Zoological, 5.30.—"Experiments on Sex Determination," Lieut.-Col. S. Monckton Copeman.
Guild of Education, 11, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, 6.30.—"Notes on America at War," Mr. S. K. Radcliffe.
- WED., 14. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Railway Transport in the United Kingdom," Mr. H. Kelway-Bamber.
Institution of Electrical Engineers, 6.—"Wireless in the Royal Air Force," Major J. Erskine-Murray.
Huguenot, 8.—Annual Meeting.
- THURS., 15. Royal Institution, 3.—"Intensive Cultivation," Lecture I., Professor F. Keeble.
Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Soil Deficiencies in India, with Special Reference to Indigo," Professor H. E. Armstrong.
Mathematical, 5.
Institution of Electrical Engineers, 6.—"The Telephone Service of Large Cities, with Special Reference to London," Messrs. E. A. Laidlaw and W. H. Grinstead.
Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Roman Monetary System," Rev. E. A. Sydenham.
Society of Antiquaries.—"Two Forfeitures in the Year of Agincourt," Mr. C. L. Kingsford.
- FRI., 16. Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Subantarctic Whales and Whaling," Dr. S. F. Harmer.

Fine Arts

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

I.

THOSE persons are optimists who demand reform from the Royal Academy. A little simple arithmetic here may be interesting. There are perhaps one hundred respectable painters in England to-day. This may be a liberal estimate, but we are speaking not of genius but of really good second-class capacity; so let us say one hundred. Perhaps each of these men averages three well-considered pictures a year. That may also be too liberal. But we must not cramp matters—three *well-considered*; that indeed we should count a good average. Total: three hundred capable pictures, each year, of which no nation need be ashamed; in which it might take a certain pride, the pride which one always takes in capacity. There are 1,506 works in the Royal Academy this year (excluding architecture). So that if every good painter in England should storm the gates of the Academy and send his three best pictures, and supposing again that these were all accepted, there would yet remain 1,206 works over which to sigh and to gnash our teeth.

Yet there might be a certain leaven. The good painting of England would not, perhaps, be swallowed up as in a Dead Sea, for we have a lucky faculty of remembering pleasure and of quickly forgetting pain. The truth is that the blame of the Royal Academy rests quite as much on the artists who cry out as upon those who participate. The good young painters do not send to the Academy, they sneer and affect a lofty disdain. But one does not sneer at what one really disdains. The very fact of the sneering makes one suspect bitter in the cup. They will not risk their dignity. That is a pity.

It is a sad thing that out of the many talented artists employed by the War Museum so few seem to have tempted chance at the Academy. It shows, indeed, a real shortsightedness on the part of the artists. The Academy, for all its conservatism, does represent both at home and abroad the general level of the artistic taste of the country; it not only represents but it guides the taste of the country. We are a nation slow to change our settled opinions, we have inertia, and the withdrawal of so many good artists tends not to lower the Academy in the public estimation—which is fixed—but to lower the general taste of the country—which is not fixed—to match the exhibition. The artist is cutting his own throat; he is deliberately making himself esoteric, narrowing his own circle, and creating at the same time a sort of closer body of art admirers which must decrease with each succeeding generation. I am not talking here of the great genius; the great genius is a bird rare enough to hunt for itself. But, however much ordinary artistic youth would persuade itself that it has wings, it finds out only too soon that it too is running in the same race with those whom it once despised. The policy which the youth of to-day practises of strangling the Academy, and at the same time cursing its death struggles, is a policy to be generally condemned.

It is true that some of the Academicians are notoriously ill-informed in artistic matters. One hears that last year, on the election of Mr. Philip Connard to an Associateship, one Academician demanded "who the man was. Had never heard of him." But it is the duty of the younger artists to keep these old men informed. If Mr. Walter Bayes's picture is hung on the walls, the Academy cannot be so hidebound as the artists claim. The doors should be forced by combined effort. The young men owe it to the artistic reputation of Great Britain to drive away from the walls of our only "Institution" the horrible cheapness, the kitten and dog pictures, the egoistic portrait, the sensation-monger, the self-copier, the Chantrey Bequest grabber, the sentimental romantic, and all the other artistic incompetences with which the Academy hides its wall-paper every year. The incompetence of the Academy is due quite as much to the young artist as to the Academicians.

To some extent the Canadian War Memorial Exhibition has proved what diverse forms of art may be hung together without clashing, and a strange illustration of how low is the level of the Academy, and of how the time spent in going

round it vitiates the critical faculty, is given by a comparison of the impressions made in the different contexts by Mr. Edgar Bundy's "Landing of the 1st Canadian Division at St. Nazaire." The completed work in the Canadian War Memorial Exhibition was negligible, a commonplace, ill-painted picture; in the Academy the finished sketch for this picture seems not unpleasing, commonplace still, but not jarring, a thing at which one might halt, say, ten seconds, instead of quickening the pace as one was tempted to do at the other exhibition. This deterioration which the judgment undergoes at the Academy must be taken into account; at least 10 per cent. must be deducted from the virtues of any picture, however pleasant it may seem, and probably in the majority of cases as much as 20, and 10 per cent. or more must be added to the deficit account of a picture which fails to satisfy.

So we add 10 per cent. to the failure of Mr. Sargent's large picture "Gassed." This picture is a descriptive work; it recounts the result of a gas attack in very much the language that an English schoolboy of the self-conscious age might use. "Yes, y'know, lot o' fellows stumblin' along, blinded, don't y' see, hangin' on to each other's shoulders. Lot of other chaps lying about too ill to shift for 'emselfes." The schoolboy might pause here for a moment, and then with a brilliant smile of inspiration, "Funny thing, y' know, football goin' on in next field. Bit tragic, what?" It is a large canvas, not quite so ambitious as was Mr. Augustus John's Canadian picture. It seems as though after much preliminary the schoolboy had mounted to the top of the Trafalgar Monument and thence shouted his simple message through a megaphone. In the quiet of a drawing-room, perhaps we might receive a thrill; our imagination would grasp the horrors of the scene, we should conceive a mental alliance with these stumblers in the sunshine, and partake of their agony. But all this preparation, this hugeness takes off the edge of the message. We know that it is not enough for an artist boldly to state the facts, or rather not indeed to state all the facts, but present to us a Bowdlerism of horror. I have no doubt that this scene was one of the beastliest of the war, a combination of the tragic and the unexpected, that sense of the cowardly advantage which adds the torture of a fury not to be satisfied to the physical agony. Both mental and physical aspects of this scene can scarcely have been more poignant, and of this Mr. Sargent has made a picture, a reproduction of which many a young lady will hang up in her boudoir, and in sentimental moments will regard with that faint glitter of a summoned tear and murmur, "Poor fellows."

A picture of more distinction, however, is Mr. Spencer Watson's "Donkey Ride." Mr. Watson recognizes realism as a convention, and uses it with deliberation. This picture achieves what so few may, a unity of result. Save for a touch of weakness in the sky, we have here a thing as good as anything which has been done of its kind for some years. There is no shirking of the problems, each has been faced and tackled; the composition is pleasing, suitable to the subject, as is the colouring. It is a Mendelssohn "Lied ohne Worte," and, for all the jibes at him, Mendelssohn's are not too common. This is a good healthy painting of a gay objective moment, a moment when our very sense of health makes us take an intense interest in everything material, when the seaweeds, lichens and grasses each has its separate and vivid interest. Not a mood which carries us very far or very deep, but here a mood well realized and ably portrayed.

A landscape of worth is Mr. Edward Chappels "The Downs" (17). It is a small painting unmercifully skied. The colour is quiet, rich, and not altogether commonplace, the composition carefully considered. It deserves a far better place than it has received, as does also Miss Fanner's "Yacht Race," which is full of dash and go, expressive of the moment, with its clear cold light. This is the best sea picture amidst a host of ineptitudes.

J. G.

MESSRS. DENT have almost ready for publication the last story written by the late J. E. Patterson, whose work is well known among lovers of the sea. The new tale is entitled "The Passage of the Barque Sappho," and tells the story of a voyage round the Horn. One of the leading features of the book is a collection of nautical chants.

THE MIND OF LEONARDO

LEONARDO DA VINCI died on the 2nd of May, 1519. The fact was duly celebrated last Friday by Mr. C. J. Holmes's choice of Leonardo as the subject for the fourth Hertz lecture on a Master Mind. It is perhaps significant of the temper of the English public at the present time, as well as of its ordinary attitude towards art and science, that there was only one thing in Mr. Holmes's lecture which provoked any show of enthusiasm among his hearers: on being told that Leonardo had anticipated, by about four centuries and a half, the invention of Tanks, the audience burst into loud and prolonged applause. And as a matter of fact the audience was right in emphasizing this point, for it was, in a sense, the pivot on which Mr. Holmes's lecture turned. It was of Leonardo the thinker, the anticipator of Tanks, rather than of Leonardo the painter, that he spoke. Vasari and all who accepted his judgment saw in Leonardo an artist who frittered away his time and energy in trifling with idle toys. Since the publication of his note-books, recent critics, Mr. Holmes among them, have come to regard Leonardo as a great man of science who made his living by painting pictures.

Of Leonardo's achievement as an artist the lecturer said little. He concerned himself more with Leonardo's theory than with his practice of art. In one of his note-books Leonardo writes: "You must give your figures such movement as shall be sufficient to show what is in the mind of those figures, or else your art is unworthy of praise." Art, in fact, is fundamentally psychological; the artist's business is to paint the soul through the body. It is the æsthetic theory of a man who is primarily interested in things which are not æsthetic, a philosopher's theory of art. Leonardo's psychological preoccupations led him in practice to exploit the dramatic potentialities of *chiaroscuro*; with what results let everyone judge for himself. He was an innovator in art as in everything else, one who relied on his own individual judgment more than on tradition. He was a Master Mind in the sense that by sheer force of intellect he succeeded in breaking away from the prejudices and fixed ideas of his time. The circle within which the men of the Renaissance moved was a very much wider circle than that which confined the mediæval thinkers. But they were still circumscribed by the magical line of authority, which a man might not pass without peril to his very soul. It requires a great imaginative effort on our part to realize the power of authority over the human mind. Were our ancestors so different from ourselves that they could take the restriction of spiritual exploration as a thing of course? The answer is yes and no. Our fathers were men of like passions with ourselves—of like passions, but of very different thoughts. There is in Hackett's *Life of Archbishop Williams* an episode which amusingly illustrates the remoteness of the educated seventeenth-century mind from our own. The Elector Palatine, on his visit to England, was received by James I. with royal hospitality. Masques, banquets, splendid entertainments of every kind were prepared in his honour. But the best was reserved till the last. On his way home the Elector was treated to a solemn disputation at Cambridge. Dr. Williams was matched with the finest scholars the University could produce, and for the space of three hours these intellectual gladiators gave a display of logical fencing, parrying authority with authority, quotation with quotation, all to the inexpressible delectation of the Elector. The state of mind of those who heard and applauded this battle of pedantry is irrecoverably, fantastically remote. We rank the creator above the scholar; to the seventeenth century Salmasius was a greater man than Milton.

The world of the early humanists in which Leonardo lived paid the same respect to the scholar, felt the same awe for the past. Truth was still to be found at the bottom of the classical well. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Leonardo that he had no systematic education. A man steeped in the learning of the schools could hardly have said, as he did, "O inquirer, put no trust in authors." The inquiring mind of Leonardo's contemporary, Pico della Mirandola, sought for truth in the kabbala. That was where a bookish training would naturally induce him to look for it. Leonardo turned as naturally to nature.

Mathematics, pure and applied, anatomy, geology, botany, astronomy—Leonardo traversed almost the whole domain of the sciences. Wherever he looked, his clear unprejudiced eyes discovered something to which his contemporaries were blinded by ancient habits of thought. His deductions led him to scepticism. "He considered it more dignified," says Vasari, "to be a philosopher than to be a Christian." His philosophy was a noble one, profoundly scientific in its insistence on the necessary unchanging laws that govern the universe. "Oh the admirable impartiality of thee, thou great First Mover! thou hast not permitted that any force should fail of the order or quality of its necessary effects." The most ordinary discretion prevented him from publishing his conclusions about the universe; the Church was no lover of philosophers. Leonardo's contemporaries knew only the immediate and practical results of his scientific experiments and observations; they knew him as an engineer, a cartographer, a designer of mechanical toys and of war-machines, fantastic in their ingenuity. To them he was "a man so various that he seemed to be not one, but all mankind's epitome;" a dilettante expending himself fruitlessly in a thousand different directions. It is only now, when that which in his life was secret is revealed, that we can fully appreciate his greatness. We see him as a man walking apart from his age, pursuing truth undeceived by the Idols of Tribe or Market-Place; a master mind, and, what is perhaps even rarer, a free mind.

NOTES ON ART SALES

At Christie's sale, on May 2, of the collection of the late Mr. C. D. Rudd of Ardnamurchan, some remarkable prices were realized. His eleven water-colour drawings by Birket Foster fetched £4,038: the highest single item being *Sunset on the Thames* at Greenwich, 26in. by 36in., £1,680 (Sampson). There were eight other Birket Fosters included in the sale, one of which, *Turnberry Castle, Ayrshire, 1882*, was bought, also by Mr. Sampson, for £682 10s. A *Scottish Raid (water-colour)*, and the picture in oils, *Morning in the Highlands*, by Rosa Bonheur, both engraved by C. G. Lewis, went for £756 (Gooden & Fox) and £672 (Peacock) respectively. Messrs. Agnew purchased two of Copley Fielding's drawings. On the Downs, 1833, 12in. by 17½in., for £892 10s., and *Loch Katrine, 1838*, 12½in. by 16½in., for £504. Peter de Wint's three water-colour drawings fetched good prices: *Derwentwater*, 23½in. by 39in., £735 (Gooden & Fox); and *A View of Bray on the Thames*, 10in. by 30in., £997 10s., and *The Hayfield*, 9in. by 26½in. (exhibited in 1868, 1886, and 1892), £682 10s. (both acquired by Messrs. Agnew). A *Frank Encampment in the Desert, 1856*, and *A Street in Cairo, 1880*, by J. F. Lewis, only reached bids of 360 and 370 guineas, respectively, the same artist's *Cavalcade in the Desert*, 13½in. by 19½in., being bought by Messrs. Gooden & Fox for £136 10s.; and the same firm also purchased Lewis's well-known oil picture, *Bezestein Bazaar of El Khan Khalil, Cairo*, 45in. by 34in., signed and dated 1872, and exhibited in 1887, 1893, and 1910, for £966. Peter Graham's oil painting, *Rising Mists*, 23½in. by 35½in., was bought by Mr. Sampson for £483; and Messrs. Gooden & Fox purchased *Albert Moore's Sisters*, 34½in. by 16½in., for £399.

The chief feature of the miscellaneous works in this sale was the water-colour drawing of *Lucerne from the Walls*, by J. M. W. Turner, 12in. by 18in., out of the Ruskin collection. It was bought in 1899 by Sir John Fowler for 1,300 guineas, and exhibited at Birmingham in that year. Mr. Sampson paid just double that sum for it last Friday. Among the oil paintings were *Erskine Nicol's Children's Fairing*, £388 10s. (Gooden & Fox); *Crossing the Marsh*, by E. M. Wimperis, £378; Mr. Frank Dicksee's *Redemption of Tannhauser*, £336; T. S. Cooper's *Cattle by a Stream*, £262 10s.; and George Mason's *Blackberry-Gatherers*, exhibited in 1871, 1897, 1899, and 1901, £252.

Among the other items in this sale were a number of drawings and small pictures by contemporary artists: Sir William Orpen, Mr. Augustus John, and Mr. Mark Gertler, and a few by J. D. Innes and J. C. Currie, for which modest bids were accepted in some cases.

On May 2 Messrs. Bruton Knowles & Co. concluded the three days' sale at Batsford Park, Gloucestershire, by selling the pictures, by the order of Lord Redesdale, into whose family they passed by marriage. They were mostly portraits of the Freeman family, as were those sold at Christie's on April 1. The most important of them were those of Mary, wife of Thomas Edwards Freeman, jun., by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the companion portrait of the husband, by Prince Hoare. Messrs. Tooth purchased both works. The bidding for the Reynolds began at £5,250, and reached £15,540, the highest price recorded for a Reynolds; the other realized only £430 10s. The Reynolds was exhibited at the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House in 1889, and measures 50in. by 40in.

Music

"PETROUSHKA" REAPPEARS

WHAT a thrill of excitement it brought six months ago to hear the news that the Russian Ballet were coming back to England! We were still in the thick of war, sinking deeper and deeper into a state of artistic hopelessness as we contemplated a list of some thirty London theatres out of which hardly a single one offered anything that had the least claim to beauty or originality. The Russians arrived, and until the opera season reopened the Coliseum was London's one and only place of artistic entertainment. A new audience began to go there—a Ballet audience, not a Coliseum audience. It was sentimental rather than critical. It consisted mostly of people who had seen the Russian Ballet in the days before the war, and who grasped so passionately at anything which brought them back—if only for half an hour—to normal artistic conditions of life that they were willingly blind and deaf to inevitable shortcomings. One could not expect the old standards from the Coliseum band: it was wonderful that they should play as well as they did. The immense size of the theatre removed the performance to a distance that seemed temporal as well as spatial: we saw the Ballet half in reality, half in memory.

The Coliseum season has ended, and M. Diaghileff has taken his company to the Alhambra. How often we had heard it said at the Coliseum: "This is not the right place for them. If only they could get a theatre of their own!" At last they have got their own theatre; and we find ourselves asking the question: "Will they be able to live up to it?" Those deep-cushioned stalls at the Alhambra stimulate a more rigorous sense of criticism than the standing-room of the Coliseum circle. The stage is nearer; there are no distractions. Indeed we almost begin to miss the inevitable Beatie and Babs. The audience is exclusively a Ballet audience. If it is bored, it does not show it frankly and openly, as the Coliseum audience often did. It listens in reverent silence even to that dullest of instrumental interludes, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Overture on Russian folk-songs*. And the war is over; musical life is reviving with renewed vigour. We have just finished one opera season, and we are just going to begin on another. The Russian Ballet is no longer without rivals.

If it is to hold its own, and fill the Alhambra night after night, as we hope it may, it must take note of these new conditions and endeavour to raise its standards. M. Diaghileff has engaged an orchestra of eighty players, and a new conductor, M. Ansermet of Geneva; but they are at present a long way from the level of 1914. They must remember that their repertoire is for the most part more familiar to their audience than it was then. Even "Petroushka" has ceased to be bewildering. It is still sufficiently difficult for an orchestra to make a good many mistakes, and for some of these to pass unnoticed by the audience, but this cannot be said of "Scheherazade." London has heard "Scheherazade" too often at the Queen's Hall to put up with a performance so rough as that of a few nights ago.

M. Diaghileff has done well to revive "Petroushka." It will probably become very soon one of the most popular of all the ballets. It is amusing and exciting both to watch and to hear. From a purely musical point of view it does not represent Stravinsky at his best. The comic episodes sounded painfully trivial and foolish when Sir Thomas Beecham played the work at one of the Philharmonic concerts a few years ago; but as illustrations to the action on the stage they have a certain amount of

humour. M. Massine as the hero hardly succeeds in bringing out the pathetic aspect of the part. In the grotesque side of it he is at his best. This rigid angularity of gesture is characteristic of almost all his parts, and especially of the ballets which he himself has designed. It is decidedly new and individual, but may become monotonous and mannered, unless he succeeds in developing a wider range of expression on these lines. It will no doubt be highly effective in some of the new ballets; "La Boutique Fantasque" has been arranged from the whimsical oddities for the pianoforte with which Rossini amused himself and his friends during his long life of idleness in Paris, and "Parade" has music by that genius of musical absurdity, Erik Satie. We shall look forward with still more interest to the revival of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" and to the new ballet by Manuel de Falla, a young Spanish composer of considerable originality and charm. M. Diaghileff has certainly provided a wonderful programme both of novelties and of old favourites, as well as a most interesting list of new symphonic works. London has provided him with a sympathetic and enthusiastic audience. It is to be hoped that the performances will be of a sufficiently high standard to retain it.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE April number of "The Musical Quarterly" (New York) contains an important article by Mr. Edward Speyer on the portraits of Mozart. Mr. Speyer replies to an article by the late M. Teodor de Wyzewa, which appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" (February 3, 1913). M. de Wyzewa there maintained that the unfinished portrait by Lange, now in the Mozart Museum at Salzburg, was painted in 1782 as one of the pair of portraits sent by Mozart and his wife to his father. The Lange portrait has hitherto been ascribed to the year 1791. Mr. Speyer upholds this date, and disposes of M. de Wyzewa's theory by pointing out that portraits of husband and wife painted as companion-pieces would naturally face each other. The portrait of Constanze Mozart, facing left, is well known. The Lange portrait under discussion also faces left, and is in a totally different style. But there is another portrait facing right, a lithograph in the Municipal Museum at Salzburg, which Mr. Speyer, with very good reason, holds to be derived from that of 1782.

THE Carnegie United Kingdom Trust announce that under their Music Publication Scheme, 1919, 64 works have been sent in, as compared with 75 last year; but the quality and variety of the work submitted are encouragingly good, and the adjudicators unanimously recommend the following works for publication:—

- (1) George Dyson—Three Rhapsodies for String Quartet.
- (2) William H. Harris—"The Hound of Heaven," for solo baritone, chorus and orchestra.
- (3) Gustav T. Holst—"The Hymn of Jesus," for chorus and orchestra.
- (4) P. H. Miles—Sextet for Strings in G minor.
- (5) Sir C. V. Stanford—Symphony no. 5, "L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso."

The adjudicators append the following criticisms:—

"(1) This work is remarkable for beauty and intimacy of thought and expression—freedom of treatment and individuality of style.

"(2) Successfully solves a difficult problem in its adaptability to the restless moods of the poem. The various episodes are distinguished by a well-defined character, and the music rises to an exalted expression at the close.

"(3) Is a notable addition to the choral music of this country. It is strikingly original in plan and conception, and expresses with an impressive fidelity the mysticism and power of the words.

"(4) Is a most valuable addition to the repertoire of chamber music, which it represents in its purest form.

"(5) A work written in 1894, of remarkable freshness and individuality. It should be enjoyed not only for its intrinsic merits, but because it represents a phase of English music of which the composer was a pioneer."

CONCERTS

MR. ALBERT COATES at his concert with the London Symphony Orchestra, on April 29, proved himself a conductor of powerful and distinguished personality. His programme consisted entirely of well-known works, but his renderings of them, although never sensational or affected, were new and interesting. His *tempi* are always conspicuously slow. This was most noticeable in the "Meistersinger" overture; but it was never for a moment dull or languid. Mr. Coates has achieved the difficult task of inducing a modern orchestra to play *cantabile*, both in loud as well as soft passages. It is a welcome relief from the sharp *staccato* and *sforzando* style which has gradually come to be normal in all orchestras and even in string quartets. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony gained enormously in effect from this broad style of interpretation, especially in the *Allegretto*, where Mr. Coates's very deliberate treatment of grace-notes gave a new beauty to the violoncello theme, or rather restored the original beauty, for his reading was on the lines of an eighteenth-century tradition which must have been more familiar to Beethoven than to modern audiences. Mr. Coates gave a very brilliant performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," but the work is certainly not worth the labour spent upon it.

Perhaps our hopes of Mr. Fraser Gange's concert on April 30 were raised unduly by the programme's emphatic assertion that it was of great artistic worth. At any rate, the conclusion of it left one somewhat unsatisfied. The novelties by C. A. Lidgley and Felix Swinstead were of very slight musical interest, whilst the remaining items, though for the most part respectable enough, showed no great discernment of choice. The piano solos in particular (quite well played by Mr. Claud Pollard) were either hackneyed or downright bad. It was surprising to find that considerations of copyright prevented the words of the Henley songs from being printed in the programme: this must have made the songs meaningless to such of the audience as were unacquainted with them.

Miss Isabel Hirstfield's concert at the Æolian Hall in the evening of April 30 was in many ways enjoyable. The concert-giver was heard as a soloist in some pieces by Paradies, Haydn, and Domenico Scarlatti, and later in a modern group; she also played Beethoven's G major Sonata (op. 30, no. 3) with Miss Marjorie Hayward. The concerted performance was not very successful; it lacked rhythmic vitality, and the violin was overweighted by the piano. Miss Neville White is a young singer with a natural voice, and her songs were well chosen, but she has a great deal still to learn in the way of vocal technique.

Mr. Herbert Fryer's ultra-conservative programme at the Æolian Hall on May 4 consisted of Bach's big Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major (as arranged by Busoni), Beethoven's late A flat Sonata, and Brahms's Paganini-variations, with the same composer's set of little waltzes thrown in as a makeweight. Mr. Fryer was at his best in the Brahms pieces; but the best playing in the world cannot make the arid Paganini-variations sound anything more than a *tour de force*. The Bach-Busoni arrangements are not convincing: the effect of cumulative grandeur that makes these works well-nigh the greatest in musical literature is precisely the effect that the pianoforte cannot give. Mr. Fryer should beware of a tendency to sentimentalize by allowing his left hand to precede his right in chord-playing. Most players who begin by adopting this as an occasional licence end by allowing it to develop into a distressing mannerism.

THE Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution on May 16 will be delivered by Dr. S. F. Harmer on "Subantarctic Whales and Whaling"; and on May 23 by Sir Alexander Mackenzie on "Hubert Hastings Parry: his Work and Place among British Composers." On Saturday, May 17, at 3 o'clock, Dr. J. Wells will give the first of two lectures on "Cæsar's Personal Character as seen in his Commentaries"; the second on May 24, on "Cæsar as a General."

Drama

MR. BENNETT'S "JUDITH"

THE Book of Judith does not provide as it stands any striking dramatic theme. The story, apart from the "distorted patriotism and puerile insistence upon the niceties of Jewish ritual," against which Dr. Sayce so vehemently protests, contains little of interest. The merits of the work lie in the directness of the narrative and its realistically detailed setting, and in the writing of the English translation. In a play few of these merits are likely to survive, and the dramatist must find new ones with which the frailness of the plot may be supported, or padded out, or veiled. Psychology, casuistry, or poetry present themselves as instruments for the purpose ready to the hands of the dozens of dramatists who have no doubt produced their "Judith." One could equally well imagine it as a tragedy of character, as a problem-play, or as a lyrical drama. Hebbel and Mr. Sturge Moore have given us examples of the first and last; and if Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie cannot be accused of having written a problem-play, yet his "Judith" is a chapter from a most ethically centred essay by a man who has, as the Friends say, a "concern" about virginity.

Mr. Bennett, on the contrary, has felt no need for any such props: he keeps close to the Apocrypha both in matter and style, only adding a few involuntary touches of poetry, psychology, and general intelligence. And first as to the plot, and particularly as to its central episode. It is worth remarking that of the three other writers mentioned before only Mr. Sturge Moore, who is largely occupied with questions of formal beauty, follows the Apocrypha in allowing Judith to cut off Holofernes' head before any serious mischief has been done; on the other hand, both Hebbel and Mr. Abercrombie, who depend for their effects upon more material considerations, have thought it necessary to make a fundamental change in the story. It cannot be dogmatically asserted that without such a change it would be impossible to give an account of Judith's character which should be at once interesting and coherent, but certainly the change is a convenient method of avoiding the "distorted patriotism" which, without it, is likely to become the principal theme. Mr. Bennett seems to have grasped the difficulty, and he attempts to solve it not by shifting the focus of interest, but by dispersing it. He leaves the amorphous central episode to look after itself, and paradoxically tries to pull the play together by manufacturing a second episode of his own invention. There are in the Apocrypha two secondary figures of some prominence, but of complete irrelevance both to one another and to the main plot; these are Ozias, the shadowy chief of the governors of the city of Bethulia, and Achior, the deserter from the Assyrian camp, who was so much struck by Judith's success that "he believed in God greatly," took the necessary steps, "and was joined unto the house of Israel unto this day." Mr. Bennett has conceived the happy notion of uniting the three strands, and at the same time of providing his new interest by the simple process of making Ozias fall in love with Judith and Judith fall in love with Achior. The result, of course, is the complete collapse of Judith's character; she becomes utterly discontinuous; she meanders from scene to scene declaiming sometimes Mr. Bennett's words and sometimes those of the Apocrypha; she is a mere series of beads strung upon the handsome person of Miss Lillah McCarthy. Nor is the subordinate characterization more successful. Ozias is a deadly satire upon the *croque-mitaine* referred to in some circles as a "politician." He talks, as might be expected, of the

war to end war, he hoards water while everyone is dying of thirst, he secretly prepares for a compromise peace, and in the last scene declares himself the man who won the war, to such effect that there are moments when one wonders whether after all the whole play may not be a derailed allegory, in which Ozias stands for Imperialism, Holofernes for Militarism, and Judith for England, Home and Beauty. But the dream soon fades, dissipated perhaps by Holofernes, who can hardly be said to stand even for himself. You recognize him at once—a tall, thin, quiet-looking man, with a long square-cut black beard—a member of the Belgian middle classes, probably, though he has left off his tail coat and bowler, and indeed most else above the middle; but his refined features, his quick, decided gesticulations, and his deprecating tone, leave him unmistakable. Was this the man who destroyed Phud and Lud, and spoiled all the children of Rassas?

And here we reach the heart of the matter—the language in which Mr. Bennett has chosen to write. A great part of the play consists of the actual words of the Authorized Version, but with so many verbal alterations and omissions that the rhythm of almost every sentence is destroyed. A single instance will be enough to show his method. Here is part of Judith's "Song of Thanksgiving" at the end of the book:—

Assur came out of the mountains from the north, he came with ten thousands of his army, the multitude whereof stopped the torrents, and their horsemen have covered the hills. He bragged that he would burn up my borders, and kill my young men with the sword, and dash the sucking children against the ground, and make mine infants as a prey, and my virgins as a spoil. But the Almighty Lord hath disappointed them by the hand of a woman. For the mighty one did not fall by the young men, neither did the sons of the Titans smite him, nor high giants set upon him: but Judith the daughter of Merari weakened him with the beauty of her countenance. For she put off the garment of her widowhood for the exaltation of those that were oppressed in Israel, and anointed her face with ointment, and bound her hair in a tire, and took a linen garment to deceive him. Her sandals ravished his eyes, her beauty took his mind prisoner, and the fauchion passed through his neck.

Mr. Bennett renders this:—

Holofernes came out of the mountains from the north, and his horsemen covered the hills; and he bragged that he would burn up the borders of Israel, and kill her young men with the sword, and make the virgins as a spoil. But the Almighty Lord hath disappointed the Assyrians by the hand of a woman; and my sandals ravished the eye of Holofernes, and my beauty took his mind prisoner, and the knife passed through his neck.

It seems a pity that because Mr. Bennett is too lazy to write his own masterpieces he should think it necessary to rewrite other people's. The interstices between the ruins are filled with gems entirely of Mr. Bennett's own designing, such as (in the more serious scenes) "You are the light of my eyes, and without you the world is not," or (in the more humorous passages) "The sweetness of her glance dissolves my backbone." This level of taste and wit is well maintained, though in the famous love-scene in Holofernes' tent the flow of inspiration seems to have run a little dry. The apocrypha was awkwardly silent; Holofernes had already said "Sorceress" three times; it was some moments since he had exclaimed, "Art thou in truth here, or do my eyes behold that which is not?" and the audience would be expecting another good bit directly; on the other hand it was essential to hold back "I will kiss thy lips, and thou art mine, O fragrance!" till the crisis of the scene. It was at this anxious moment that Mr. Bennett hit upon the brilliant stage direction, "Then, as he stands with the wine, gazing at her and separated from her only by the couch, she slowly removes her tunic and appears in indoor attire." Imagine the effect! Imagine Miss McCarthy in indoor attire! Imagine the feelings of the gentlemen in the stalls! Imagine the triumph of Mr. Bennett—the conscientious workman, the inspired artist, the man of taste! J. S.

Correspondence

THE POETRY OF C. P. CAVAFY.
To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—May we call attention to a printer's blunder in our article on the poetry of C. P. Cavafy in THE ATHENÆUM for April 25? A couple of lines have been transferred from the bottom of the right-hand column on p. 247, to the bottom of the left, with the result that two complete poems have been made unintelligible. The first poem ("The Sea of a Morning" is its title) should run:—

Here let me stand. Let me too look at Nature a little,
the radiant blue of the morning sea,
the cloudless sky and the yellow beach;
all beautiful and drenched with light.

Here let me stand. And let me deceive myself into
thinking that I saw them—

(I really did see them one moment, when first I came)
—that I am not seeing, even here, my fancies,
my memories, my visions of voluptuousness.

'Alexandrian Kings' should run:—

An Alexandrian crowd collected
to see the sons of Cleopatra,
Cæsarion and his little brothers
Alexander and Ptolemy, who for the first
time were brought to the Gymnasium,
there to be crowned as kings
amidst a splendid display of troops.

Alexander they named king
of Armenia, of Media, and of the Parthians.
Ptolemy they named king
of Cilicia, of Syria, and Phœnicia.
Cæsarion stood a little in front,
clad in silk the colour of roses
with a bunch of hyacinths at his breast.
His belt was a double line of sapphires and amethysts,
his sandals were bound with white ribbons
embroidered with rosy pearls.
Him they acclaimed more than the small ones.
Him they named "King of Kings!"

The Alexandrians knew perfectly well
that all this was words and empty pomp.

But the day was warm and exquisite,
the sky clear and blue,
the Gymnasium of Alexandria a triumph of art,
the courtiers' apparel magnificent,
Cæsarion full of grace and beauty
(son of Cleopatra, blood of the Lagidæ!),
and the Alexandrians ran to see the show
and grew enthusiastic, and applauded
in Greek, in Egyptian and some in Hebrew,
bewitched with the beautiful spectacle,
though they knew perfectly well how worthless,
what empty words were these king-makings.

The blunder presumably occurred when the galley slips were being made up into pages. Had it affected the critical part of the article, we would not trouble you with this correction. But it damages the poems, which does not seem fair to the poet.

Yours, etc.,

E. M. FORSTER,
G. VALASSOPOULO.

April 29, 1919.

CENTENARY OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNION SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The Cambridge Union Society was founded in 1815, and on the eve of the war preparations were in hand for the celebration of its Centenary by an extension of premises, which was urgently required for the growing needs of its members. *Dis aliter visum*. These plans and the proposed Centenary appeal to members were put in abeyance, and now the Society will emerge from nearly five years of war burdened with a heavy debt.

The outbreak of war rapidly deprived us of nearly all our undergraduate members, and, consequently, of almost all

our income. During the war the Society has been privileged to be of considerable use to members of his Majesty's forces quartered in Cambridge. Apart from a large number of officers stationed in the town who were made honorary members, over 3,700 cadets have availed themselves of the modified form of membership offered at a nominal subscription.

In spite of rigid economy, it has been necessary to obtain a banker's overdraft to the extent of £4,000, in addition to which there are heavy arrears on the Pension and Library accounts.

A personal appeal is being sent to all past members, and life members whose addresses are known. But as this list is far from exhaustive, I venture to ask you to be good enough to remedy that deficiency by publishing this letter, and to ensure in this way the widest publicity for this appeal amongst all past members and life members of the Society.

The object of the appeal is to pay off the overdraft of £4,000, and so enable the Society to start upon its second century of life unencumbered with debt.

Cheques crossed Barclay & Co., Ltd., on a/c. of Cambridge Union Society, may be made payable to Stanley S. Brown, Chief Clerk.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. L. McNAIR,

President.

April 30, 1919.

"THE BIOLOGY OF WAR."

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Since the armistice the posts between England and Switzerland seem to have become slower rather than quicker; and it was not till to-day that we received THE ATHENÆUM of April 11, containing your review of our translation of Professor Nicolai's "Biology of War."

Your reviewer describes it as "a courageous book, honest and politically clear-sighted," but towards the end of his review he says: "The translators have not done their work well. They have added footnotes of doubtful wisdom, on one occasion denying an officially admitted fact." He does not, however, say what officially admitted fact we have denied; and we think it only fair to ask him whether he has seen the original German, as otherwise, however good a German scholar he may be, it is a little difficult to judge of the translation. We are sure the publishers, Messrs. Dent, would be pleased to lend him the original German, if he has not already seen it. We have had more than a hundred reviews of the book, both from the American and the British press, and not a single reviewer has found fault with the translation. On the contrary, reviewers who have signed their names, who had the original German before them, and who knew German, have all praised it.

Your reviewer is also aggrieved because we added certain footnotes, but he should not forget that these notes were added not for ATHENÆUM readers, but for a large class of people, intelligent, but with much less general knowledge, to whom we thought they would probably be of assistance.

Your reviewer also objects to quotations from Shelley and Tennyson, which exactly express the author's meaning in a particular passage, and complains that we "calmly" inform the reader that we have used these quotations. If we had not put in such a note, then we think he might reasonably have objected. Professor Nicolai himself, who was recently in Switzerland, makes no objection whatever to the citations.

Moreover, your reviewer surely read our Introduction, and therefore must know that "The Biology of War" was written in prison, and that consequently Professor Nicolai had not the necessary reference and other books by him, which is the very sufficient reason why his quotations had to be carefully verified, and also a reason why a number of footnotes were added.

Having done much reviewing ourselves for daily, weekly and monthly publications, we know that a conscientious reviewer's task is not easy; but we feel it scarcely just to make so sweeping an assertion as that "the translators have not done their work well" unless your reviewer had the original German before him, and carefully compared it with the translation.

Yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE and JULIAN GRANDE.

23, Ensingerstrasse, Berne, April 22, 1919.

Foreign Literature

SAINTE-BEUVE AND HUGO, GEORGE SAND AND DE MUSSET

FRANÇOIS BULOZ ET SES AMIS: LA VIE LITTÉRAIRE SOUS LOUIS-PHILIPPE. Par Marie-Louise Pailleron. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 9 fr.)

FRANÇOIS BULOZ was probably a remarkable man. The establishment of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was a considerable achievement. As an instrument of literary tyranny the salmon-coloured journal was more powerful and for a longer period than either the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*; as a vehicle of literary excellence it stood for many years on a higher level than they. Whatever may be our standards and our preferences, to have published in the ten years between 1830 and 1840 practically the whole of the work of Sainte-Beuve, George Sand, Alfred de Musset, and Alfred de Vigny argues a discrimination not common in editors. Buloz blundered badly, without doubt. He thought Théophile Gautier worthless, could see nothing in "Madame Bovary," never dreamed of asking Beyle-Stendhal to contribute—what an admirable correspondence he might have sent from Civita Vecchia!—and went to law with Balzac. Yet, with one half of himself, Buloz was on the side of the angels; and if his angels were only half the choir, we must remember to his credit, first, that he managed to keep his journal free from the taint of Government subsidies, and, second, that no man alive could have induced all the angels to sing in harmony, above all when Sainte-Beuve was there sticking pins of malicious gossip into them, and hiding under the pew.

But we can take the merits of Buloz on trust. He seems to have been as loyal to his friends as he was formidable to his enemies, and so far as we can see from the evidence provided by Madame Pailleron (who is, to be sure, his granddaughter), the grievances cherished against him by the *genus irritabile vatum* were flimsy enough. He stood by George Sand and Alfred de Musset all through the episode of Venice, and if he felt himself rather badly treated when George attacked him for going to law with Balzac, his resentment was but natural. Any bourgeois would have felt the same. It is not in the bourgeois soul to understand that there is an *esprit de corps* among writers of a certain distinction, even though they may be rivals and enemies, which brings them together when one of their number is menaced by the machinery of ordinary society. Buloz could not understand why George, whose friend he was, should persist in condemning him for prosecuting Balzac, whose friend she was not; he thought (as any modern editor or publisher would think) that she was extremely unfair in refusing to listen to his arguments, which were indeed incontrovertible. He was equally right-minded and patriotic in his impassioned appeal to her to regard him as a friend and not as an institution. But it could not be helped. In almost every moment of crisis, he was to her, and to the rest of the writers who lived by him, an outsider. Let us hope he found consolation in the fact that, if he had not been an outsider, his review would never have survived to be the monument which it became.

But, because he was an outsider, the many letters which he received from his contributors, signed though they are with names which continue to intrigue us, have only exceptionally more than a subsidiary interest. Save in one startling case, his contributors did not give themselves away to Buloz an inch more than was absolutely necessary for them to do. De Vigny, who was one of the original contributors to the review, is an impassive mask except for the moment when a particularly fulsome eulogy of Victor

Hugo stung him to a legitimate protest. Sainte-Beuve was reputed to be the author of the eulogy, of which the most preposterous sentence was: "A peine âgé de trente ans, il [Hugo] s'est fait dans notre littérature une place unique et immense: drame, roman, poésie, tout relève aujourd'hui de cet écrivain." The episode has been much discussed by literary historians, and used either to disparage de Vigny for his megalomaniac sensitiveness—considering that all his work was published in the review, his protest seems very natural—or to discredit Sainte-Beuve for his schoolboyish enthusiasm. Madame Pailleron has, however, made a piquant discovery. In an unpublished letter to George Sand, Buloz confesses that the naïf enthusiasm was his. Hugo wrote the note himself and sent it in. "Je me promis bien," Buloz concludes, "de n'être plus dupe de pareil charlatanisme." Poor Buloz! They were certainly a difficult crew, and we can sympathize with his unspoken prayer: "Give me a man who pays his bills."

This same incident has another piquant aspect. On the whole Sainte-Beuve, cat-like and malicious though he was, was sufficiently honest as a critic not to compromise himself. Why should he have consented to stand father to the note? And why should he have written to Hugo, *à propos* the rectification which de Vigny demanded?

Je suis arrivé hier soir à la *Revue*, lors qu'il [Buloz] était en train de fabriquer cette note et j'en ai raccommodé la phrase, de peur que sa plume n'allât trop à droite ou à gauche. Cela lui sauvera peut-être une brouille qu'il redoute fort. Quant au gentilhomme [Vigny], il est tué moralement pour moi.

This seems almost the extreme of sycophancy, considering who was the author of the original note. True, it was not signed; but common report attributed it to Sainte-Beuve. And he took good care not to deny the attribution, although the note was not of a kind that he cared to have ascribed to himself.

Sainte-Beuve's literary conscience was a curious thing. Something in himself compelled him to give praise where it was due; yet he resented the compulsion. He was inhabited by two souls. One was a literary Rhadamanthus, the other a concupiscent cat. The cat was forced into the service of the Rhadamanthus, and gave to his judgments the pungent subtlety which keeps them so vivid to-day. But the cat rebelled. In almost every favourable judgment that he passed, there is somewhere the scratch of a claw to be found. Generally, it is recondite, and visible now only to the learned in semi-antiquarian allusion; but the victim felt it as he was meant to feel it. Sainte-Beuve was a complicated instrument. Perhaps he is best understood as a disappointed creative artist. As novelist and poet he was hardly more than a *succès de sérieuse estime*. He resented his failure; in his heart of hearts he never accepted it. Therefore it was a necessary condition of his being able to praise a contemporary that he should retain a feeling of superiority. He had somehow to be sure that he was getting back on his hero-victim; and if, as in the case of Hugo, he refrained from poisoning the laurels themselves, he made his thrust elsewhere.

He took an intense and subtle satisfaction in, as it were, making the punishment fit the crime. To one of his souls it was a crime indeed that he should have been compelled to become the bald-headed encomiast of Hugo. He made Hugo the scapegoat, though the real criminal was Sainte-Beuve's Rhadamanthus-soul. The only satisfactory revenge was to compass the intimate humiliation of Hugo, by making his wife his mistress. The process of Sainte-Beuve's mind was not, of course, quite so simple as this. There was the added satisfaction of Sainte-Beuve *chaté* in the mere poise and delicacy of a serpentine intrigue. The concatenations and coincidences were adjusted with an exquisite art. Hugo and he first quarrelled on account of Madame Hugo in the spring of 1831. But it was not

a real quarrel. What happened was that Sainte-Beuve let just so much of the possibility of a *liaison* appear to Hugo as would secure him the gratification of receiving from the poet such words as: "Votre conduite, a été loyale et parfaite, vous n'avez blessé ni dû blesser personne, tout est dans ma malheureuse tête, mon ami." Almost at that very moment Sainte-Beuve was writing to Madame Hugo the verses in the "Livre d'Amour":

Où—si tu m'aimes plus que l'ombre de l'amie,
Que ta mère, martyr au cercueil endormie,
Plus qu'un premier enfant ou qu'un suprême adieu,
Que l'époux dans sa gloire et ta fille, et ton Dieu,
Où—si jusqu'à la mort, dans nos charmantes ruses,
Aux plus divins moments de nos âmes confuses
Tu me redis . . .

So we can imagine the perverse enthusiasm with which Sainte-Beuve, in the following years, took upon himself the paternity of Hugo's self-glorification! And the process was to continue even after the final quarrel in April, 1834. Madame Pailleron has discovered a note which Sainte-Beuve inserted in the review in the December of that year (over the signature of Gustave Planche) in which he called upon the Academy to rehabilitate itself—it had just elected Scribe—by electing Hugo. The terms of the note are characteristic:

... que M. Hugo se présente et qu'il ne recule pas devant l'ennui d'une candidature officielle . . . Si chacun des membres de l'Académie peut aller jusqu'à proclamer individuellement la supériorité de l'auteur des "Orientales," on ne peut pas exiger d'un corps tout entier, la même humilité et la même abnegation.

Meanwhile, the *liaison* was at its closest, and Sainte-Beuve was writing: "La faute disparaît dans sa constance même." Later, he was to ascribe his championship of Hugo's candidature to a desire to please Madame Hugo, who wished to see her husband raised to earthly immortality. "Nous en avons tous fait autant," he said, "quand nous avions des Adele." But the wise man suspects Sainte-Beuve, and suspects him most of all when he is ascribing a commonplace motive to his actions.

But Madame Pailleron's book enables us to fill out a dark spot in a yet more deeply fascinating picture than any the Hugo-Sainte-Beuve "triangle" can afford. The Musset-George Sand-Pagello "triangle" was infinitely more important. No matter how genuine may be our amazement at the astonishing episode, we can never doubt that the love which took hold of "les amants de Venise" was no casual sprite, but the authentic god of Sappho, "the leser of limbs, the bitter-sweet, the irremediable."* Between George Sand and de Musset was a grand passion; between Sainte-Beuve and Madame Hugo only a perverse intrigue. Every little light thrown upon the still obscure history of the lovers of Venice is precious to us. When all is said and done—when we have criticized Léila's novels into nothingness, and ruthlessly excised all that is *mièvre* from Alfred's poetry—they were a wonderful pair, and he must be something less than human who does not participate in their intoxication with their own romantic attitudes and paradoxical generosities. They were violent and tempestuous; but they were never mean. They loved and lavished themselves royally, and the fire of the passion which consumed de Musset and left him hardly more than a heap of smouldering ashes will burn undiminished in men's memories for many years to come.

Madame Pailleron casts many rays of light upon their history. One goes to the very heart of the episode.

* This assertion was evidently too hasty. In the second volume of his "History of the French Novel," published after these words were written, Professor Saintsbury not only does doubt it, but professes an absolute certainty that George Sand never was and never could be in love with anybody. Holding as we do that Professor Saintsbury's chief and great attraction is that he never was and never could be anything but original, we stand by our words.

Musset on his return from Venice confided (oddly enough) in Buloz, and Buloz made notes of the confidence on the back of a letter from de Vigny. The second and longer part of this note has already been published. It contains the story of the single cup of tea, out of which George Sand and Pagello had drunk together, confirming Paul de Musset's account in "Lui et Elle," and, incidentally, proving the exactness of Alfred de Musset's transcription of his autobiography in the "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." Yet the first part seems to us of equal significance:

... à son retour au sujet des recherches qu'on avait faites pour retrouver le docteur. Comme on voit, la confiance avait disparu entre les deux amants; le soupçon tourmentait A. de M.; et survenait il avait surpris des signes d'intelligence entre G.S. et le docteur; il devinait jusqu'au moindre mouvement, et ne ménageait pas G.S. "Tu es un catin, lui dit-il un jour; tout mon regret, c'est de n'avoir pas mis vingt francs sur ta cheminée, le jour où je t'ai eue pour la première fois." On se ferait difficilement une idée des cris, et de la violence des apostrophes à de pareilles scènes. Mais ce qui faisait le plus grand tourment de G. Sand, c'était l'instinct si profond avec lequel A. de Musset pénétrait le moindre signe, le moindre démarche. "J'ai en horreur les hommes qui devinent tout," disait-elle. A. de M. eut bien à souffrir pendant cette maladie; souvent il surprenait des caresses dérobées, de tendres attouchements entre les nouveaux amants. Dès qu'il put se traîner, il se faisait presque porter à un café voisin, et abandonnait la place à l'amour naissant du docteur.

They are commonplace remarks. One might have expected them. And yet one hardly knows which of them is the more precious—perhaps George's intensely feminine "I hate men who know everything." Their value is that they cut clean through the romantic mist. It dissolves away and reveals these two great lovers saying, as all great lovers do, vile, burning, commonplace things to each other in their moment of anguish.

The other rays of light are less searching. We have glimpses of George. She writes continually to Buloz for news of her boy Maurice at school in Paris, and sends him money through Buloz. She works like a galley-slave throughout the passionate upheaval, first to pay the appalling expenses of de Musset's illness—20 francs a day for the chemist alone, not to count the doctors and the ruinous Hôtel Royal Danieli. She composes "Léone Léoni," "André," "Jacques" and the "Lettres d'un Voyageur" in almost as many months; and some hint of the temper of soul and body in which she welcomed Pagello may be found in her pitiful cry to Buloz: "J'ai besoin d'amitié maintenant, plus que des reproches." Then, finally, the romantic mist descends again; not merely the romantic mist, but the thunder, the lightnings, and the dance of death for chorus, in the brief note of Buloz:

Achat d'une tige de mort pour enfermer la dernière lettre d'Alf., et de nouveaux pleurs chez moi le 13 novembre; Sainte-Beuve s'interpose entre G. et A.

How splendid she was!

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

THE INCORPORATED STAGE SOCIETY announce that their next production will be "The Player Queen," a comedy in prose by Mr. W. B. Yeats. With this will be given Swinburne's "Duke of Gandia." The dates of performance are the 25th and 27th of May (matinées), and the production of both plays is in the hands of Mr. Archibald Welland. The Council are now making arrangements for the next season, which will begin on July 1, and is the twenty-first year of the Society's activities. In this, five productions are to be given—the fifth of these being the one-hundredth production of the Society. New members joining for the season 1919-20 have the privilege of attending the forthcoming production, which is the last of the present season. The Reading Committee will be pleased to consider any original manuscripts sent in to the Secretary. The address of the Society is 36, Southampton Street, Strand, and full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

MODERN CZECH POETRY

THE Czech revival was a Gaelic movement which succeeded. A century ago the condition of the Czech language was analogous to that of the Irish language to-day, and only a few years before it had been considerably worse. By the middle of the nineteenth century the revival (the full history of which is a real romance) was complete; and long before the century was over, a national Bohemia had been created, whose native language was Czech, and whose German, if any, was acquired. This restoration of racial consciousness was accompanied by the rapid growth of a national literature, the most distinguished feature of which is its lyric poetry. Although this poetry is by no means homogeneous in character—its variety is, in fact, surprising—certain of its typical features may be indicated in general terms.

The Czechs are Slavs, and their poetry has all the impulsiveness, the music and the melancholy which are a common heritage of their stock. But the historical vicissitudes through which they have passed, together with the special influences to which they have been subjected as a result, have modified their national characteristics, just as their language is phonetically differentiated from that of kindred races. Thus, while their poetry is rich in the dreamy cadences and elegiac moods which are, so to speak, Pan-Slavonic symptoms, it also frequently sounds the notes of satire, defiance and rebellion. Another distinguishing feature of Czech poetry is a whole group of Catholic poets with a literary organ of their own; and even outside the work of these writers there are marked traces of a fondness for abstract religious speculation, often united with a rather primitive type of mysticism. Again, the local conditions of life in Prague, with its sombre atmosphere of bygone glory, have produced a curious element of artificial romanticism, which finds its inspiration in the faded, the sinister and the aristocratic. These latter ingredients are to be met with especially in the verses of the Czech decadents, in striking contrast to the typical Moravian poets, whose fondness for bright colouring and quaint phraseology is due to the regional peculiarities of their native district.

By its geographical situation Bohemia has been more directly exposed to Western European influences than any other Slav country. In literature, and especially in poetry, the Czechs have shown a preference for French or Italian sources, and they have deliberately ignored the more immediate German models. Thus Jaroslav Vrchlický, who was born in 1853 and died in 1912, the founder of modern Czech poetry in the stricter sense of the word, derived his main inspiration from Victor Hugo and Dante. He introduced every variety of metre into Czech literature, and thus established a valuable tradition of formal exactitude. Vrchlický's importance as an original poet is considerable, and although his collected verses fill 70 volumes, he maintains a surprisingly high standard. His historical significance lies in the fact that he fixed the future course of Czech literature. His own education had been largely German in character, but he stands at the cross-roads which mark the separation of Czech culture from the German variety. To this process he contributed an enormous store of translations (the whole of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, together with a good deal of Shelley, Victor Hugo, Whitman, Calderon and Mickiewicz, forms only a fraction of them), and in this direction he set an example which has been cultivated by numerous successors. The result is that the present generation of Czechs has been emancipated from the need for German versions of European literature. Vrchlický's occupation with foreign models, which left inevitable traces in his own poetry, was unjustly taken amiss by a number of Czech critics: unjustly, because they overlooked his achievement in raising the whole plane of Czech literature, whose national capacity he paradoxically

extended by introducing international elements. Moreover, his creative influence on the Czech language was of the utmost value even to those poets who had no great regard for his artistic tendencies.

Diversity and vigour are the two most obvious characteristics of present-day Czech poetry. Prague is a city of poetical coteries, which represent not only the young and the old tendencies, but the older, the younger and the youngest. In this respect Czech poetry bears a strong resemblance to Czech politics. Where so much really excellent work is being done, it is difficult to select, but three names—J. S. Machar, Antonín Sova and Otakar Brezina—stand out so prominently, that not even their literary rivals would deny their claim to a first hearing.

J. S. Machar (b. 1864) is a poet (and prose writer) of revolt. He has not altogether escaped the national bent for melancholy brooding and sentimental elegy, which, indeed, form the chief contents of his early poems. But it is the pugnacity in his temperament that has dictated his most characteristic work; and the prominent objects of his satire are chauvinists and priests. In his "Tractate on Patriotism," for example, he coldly analyses and rejects the attitude of the average nationalist towards his native country. Only a man of considerable courage could have ventured to publish such a poem in Bohemia, where feeling runs very high on such matters. The same applies to his "Golgotha," a vivid and non-clerical interpretation of the death of Christ, which did, in fact, arouse a storm of indignation on its appearance in 1893. Under the general title of "The Consciousness of the Ages," Machar has issued a series of volumes in which the leading figures and episodes of history are depicted in a poetical style whose energy and lack of subtlety harmonize with the directness of each recital. It is these qualities, together with the gift of commenting on topical events without lapsing into triviality, which have made Machar the most popular Czech writer of to-day.

Sova is coeval with Machar, to whom he presents a complete contrast. He has all the dreamy, the sensitive and the tragically melancholy features of the Czech character. His poetical work is a record of inner struggles, of despair and intense emotional crises. The delicate qualities of his style are specially adapted to the allegory and symbolism which render such poems as "The River," "The Bizarre Dream" or "The Condor" so profoundly moving. Yet even Sova can sometimes reveal a racial ferocity as outspoken as that of Machar. His poetical invective "To Theodor Mommsen," a masterpiece of passionate rhetoric, is one of the most crushing attacks on the spirit of Kaiserism ever written.

In the poetry of Brezina (b. 1868)—a remarkable and baffling figure, who has appropriately spent his life in the obscurer districts of Moravia—all contact with the world of reality has been eliminated. His native Czech pietism has been stimulated by literary influences, and much of his work bears a superficial resemblance to that of Whitman. His diction with its bewildering wealth of imagery combines the two extremes of primitive simplicity and intellectual refinement. Briefly, the subject-matter of his five concentrated volumes is a search for the meaning of life. But the anguished questionings of his "Secret Distances" of 1895 represent an attitude entirely superseded by the passionate optimism of "The Hands," his final volume, in which he intones an enraptured hymn to human brotherhood, for, like Sova, he has arrived at an affirmation of life, although by a different route and through a different medium.

P. SELVER.

THE HOGARTH PRESS, Richmond, will publish shortly "Kew Gardens," a short story by Virginia Woolf, with woodcuts by Vanessa Bell; "Poems," by T. S. Eliot, and "The Critic in Judgment," a poem by J. Middleton Murry.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

A dagger before an author's name indicates a cheap edition. The necessity of economizing space compels us to omit comments on a certain number of books, and to abridge occasionally the bibliographical descriptions.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Draper (Warwick). THE NEW BRITAIN. Headley [1919]. 7 in. 152 pp. boards, 2/ n. 171.8

A reissue of the author's plea for altruism, fidelity to principle, love of truth, and hatred of greed. First published in 1918 as "The Tower," by "Watchman."

Gatti (Pasquale). LA GUERRA E GLI IDEALI DELLA VITA. Milano, Treves, 1918. 7½ in. 69 pp. 172.1

The author finds the explanation of the duty of laying down one's life in a war such as the present in the recognition that the individual is merely a fragment of life, incomplete in himself. The richer and fuller the individual life, the more ready will it be to merge itself once more in the whole, in order to secure a more complete existence, especially if by this sacrifice of the merely individual element it is serving a noble cause.

Smith (Hester Travers). VOICES FROM THE VOID: six years' experience in automatic communications; with introd. by Sir W. F. Barrett. Rider, 1919. 7½ in. 123 pp. 3/6 n. 133.9

Professor Barrett informs us in the Introduction that "we have here the personal experiences of a gifted psychic or automatist, who is an educated lady, the eldest daughter of that distinguished man, the late Professor Edward Dowden." The book is pleasantly written, and certainly many of the experiences recorded are very unusual.

Walston [Waldstein] (Sir Charles). TRUTH: an essay in moral reconstruction. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 8 in. 246 pp. apps. boards, 5/ n. 17

That the true cause of the war is to be found in the defective moral standards and moral education of the civilized world is the main thesis of this elaborate disquisition. The author concludes that moral reconstruction is at least as urgently needed as are industrial and financial readjustments. Truth, honesty, justice and charity; efficiency; and, in journalism especially, greater trustworthiness and higher ideals, are among the desiderata for which Sir Charles Walston earnestly and impressively pleads.

200 RELIGION.

Brock (A. Clutton). WHAT IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN? Methuen [1919]. 7 in. 160 pp., 5/ n. 21

Is the universe a fraud? is the question which Mr. Clutton Brock asks and tries to answer in this book. Is life as we know it a welter of pain and evil, a vast and stupid joke; or is there some sense, some moral principle, behind this seeming chaos? We all desire to believe that our private virtues rhyme with something in the universe. We can be convinced that they do, and we can make the conviction come true in fact, says Mr. Brock, by believing in the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of Heaven is a relation of man to the universe analogous to the relation of man to art—a relation at once passionately intimate and disinterested. The Kingdom of Heaven in politics means the disappearance of struggle and competition, in the

individual the beginning of happiness. Mr. Brock writes in such a way that it is often possible to wonder whether his words have any very exact meaning, or whether they are merely symbols fluttering in the void, searching vainly for some solid reality on which to repose themselves.

Crouch (William). THE CHRISTIAN MONARCHY: with special reference to modern problems of Church government. Longmans, 1919. 8½ in. 64 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 262.12

The main contention of the author, who has the support of an introduction by Lord Halifax, is that the government of the Church is monarchical, not democratic; and he declares that "the one thing that we all, bishops, clergy, and lay people alike, should be united in jealously guarding, is the absolute Monarchy of Christ in His Kingdom, the Church, exercised in the way that He appointed."

Halliday (W. Fearon). RECONCILIATION AND REALITY ("Christian Revolution Series," vol. 2). Headley [1919]. 8 in. 234 pp., 5/ n. 232.3

The central thought of this attempt to formulate a rational doctrine of reconciliation and atonement is practically contained in these two sentences:—

True omnipotence must be a power which affects the whole, the inward spirit, and therefore the outward form through which that spirit manifests itself. This involves the apparent contradiction that Omnipotence must be a power which affects freedom, which, conquering the inward spirit and love, attains its end because its end is freely adopted by beings who find in it their own end, and make it their purpose.

Maths (Basil). THE SHIPS OF PEACE. Milford, 1919. 8 in. 136 pp. il. map, 2/6 n. 266

This account of the work of the London Missionary Society in the Pacific, from the closing years of the eighteenth century till to-day, is thrown into the attractive form of a story of the missionary ships and the adventures of the chief workers, among whom the Rev. John Williams (1796-1839), who fell a victim to cannibals, plays a conspicuous part.

Mauny (Count de). THE PEACE OF SUFFERING, 1914-18. Grant Richards, 1919. 6½ in. 96 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 204

Seven of these thoughtful essays relate to various aspects of suffering. The eighth and concluding paper deals with happiness, which, according to the author, comes at length to the man who "by constant, unremitting effort and exercise of will towards a peaceful aim through sorrow and joy learns to fear." That "happiness is not to be found far afield in the pursuit of happiness" is a characteristic statement of the author.

Sorley (W. R.). RECONSTRUCTION AND THE RENEWAL OF LIFE: three lay sermons. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 7½ in. 60 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 252.4

These discourses are concerned with the religious aspect of our outlook and plans for the future. The titles are "Life," "Faith" and "Vision."

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Arnot (R. Page), ed. FACTS FROM THE COAL COMMISSION. foreword by Robert Smillie and Frank Hodges. Labour Research Dept. (Allen & Unwin) [1919]. 9½ in. 40 pp. diags. paper, 6d. 333.8

The secretary of the Labour Research Department has put together the facts brought out by the Commission, and presents the case for nationalization, with figures and charts to support it.

Carter (Huntly), ed. THE LIMITS OF STATE INDUSTRIAL CONTROL: a symposium on the present situation, and how to meet it. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 292 pp., 16/ n. 323.34

The representative publicists whose opinions are set forth in this volume agree for the most part that control in the future must be guided by an intelligent policy, and that war-time meddling must cease. The place of honour is given to the Premier, who declares that "no one would ever dream of continuing the present system of rigid, meticulous interference which is essential in a war." General Smuts, Lord Bryce, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Branford, Sir Robert Hadfield, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. N. Ewer, Mr. Robert Williams, and Miss M. Macmillan, are among the contributors to this symposium.

Charpentier (John). NOTRE NOUVELLE AMIE L'ANGLETERRE. Paris, Hachette, 1919. 7½ in. 237 pp. paper, 4 fr. 55. 327.44

A book written with the object of helping French people to a better understanding of their British allies. The author holds that the two races have always reacted beneficially upon one another, and in the course of a subtle analysis of our national characteristics he discusses English sentiment in regard to religion, love, the family, and the like. He concludes with an exposition of the tremendous military effort made by this country from the beginning of the world war.

Fairgrieve (J.) and Young (Ernest). THE BRITISH ISLES ("Human Geographies," book 3). Philip, 1919. 7½ in. 160 pp. il. maps, 1/9. 372.89

A well-planned analytical description of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. In this book the young scholar can learn a great deal about our corn-growing, fruit-growing, pasture, and mining areas; is taught the differences between market towns, county towns, factory towns, ports and fishery towns, and why they are situated where they are; will find what will help him to understand maps, contour lines, sections, and the like; and is told much about the metropolis of the Empire as well as the railways of Britain. (See also Young, below.)

Fisher (Herbert Albert Laurens). THE PLACE OF THE UNIVERSITY IN NATIONAL LIFE ("Barnett House Papers," 4). Milford, 1919. 9 in. 13 pp. pamphlet, 6d. 378

It is reassuring to hear from the President of the Board of Education that University development ought "to be shaped in the interests of the whole country and upon a view of the national needs by the Universities themselves," and that he would be "sorry if the deciding factor should rest with the Government."

Rowntree (Joseph) and Sherwell (Arthur). STATE PURCHASE OF THE LIQUOR TRADE. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 8½ in. 97 pp. ind. paper, 1/6. 351.761

Premising that "no reputable section of public opinion is prepared to contemplate" in regard to the drink traffic a simple return to the *status quo ante bellum*, the authors indicate means by which, in their opinion, the liquor traffic can be placed under proper control, and they submit cogent arguments in favour of State purchase. Of particular interest is chapter 5, which embodies an encouraging account of actual experiences of direct State management and control, in the Carlisle munition area and elsewhere. The "food taverns" appear to be conspicuously successful. They appeal to the social instincts, and satisfy various legitimate needs, of the people.

The Sea Commonwealth; and other papers; ed. by A. P. Newton ("Imperial Studies Series"). Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 136 pp., 3/6 n. 321.03

Six papers, originally delivered as lectures at King's College, University of London, during 1917-18. The underlying idea of the course was to remind the hearers that Britain is concerned rather with the affairs of the world as a whole than with the purely territorial questions which affect the land powers of Europe. Professor A. F. Pollard, Sir H. H. Johnston, Mr. Basil Thomson, the late Mr. J. E. Mackenzie, Prof. Paul Mantoux, and Sir Julian Corbett are the authors of these noteworthy contributions to the literature dealing with the duties and responsibilities of the British peoples.

Young (Ernest). CHILDREN FAR AWAY: the life and doings of children in other lands ("Human Geographies," book 1). Philip, 1919. 7½ in. 109 pp. il. map, 1/6. 372.89

The human note predominates in these geographies, and stress is laid upon the relation of man to his environment. The series should be viewed as a whole, because the books are progressive in difficulty and particular ideas have prominence in each volume. Book 1 is in large type so as to be suited for reading by young children, who should revel in the authentic folk-tales of Eskimos, Red Indians, and other peoples. The illustrations (some in colours) are adequate.

Young (Ernest). HOMES FAR AWAY: the homes and parents of children in other lands ("Human Geographies," book 2). Philip, 1919. 7½ in. 106 pp. il. map, 1/6. 372.89

Much is pleasantly taught in this book concerning snow houses, wigwams, huts, chalets, paper houses, and other habitations of men, as well as about the dress, food, implements, and customs of a variety of races.

400 PHILOLOGY.

Meldrum (Roy). ELEMENTARY LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE COMPOSITION. Rivingtons, 1919. 7½ in. 96 pp., 2/6. 476.2

Simple exercises, designed so that boys may rely, as far as possible, upon their own resources of "memory, vocabulary and ingenuity," and begin early to compose for themselves.

Meldrum (Roy). LATIN ELEGIAC VERSE COMPOSITION. Rivingtons, 1919. 7½ in. 215 pp., 5/. 476.2

The author's aim is by degrees to create "a habit of assimilation" of the varieties of Latin idiom, by (1) the use of Latin repetition, which may in time "encourage a habit of second thought, as it were, in Latin; and (2) the selection, where possible, of at least one Latin passage (usually more than one) and several English passages, which have one common theme: so that the pupil may have a chance of collecting his thoughts to treat one theme adequately, and of becoming familiar with one set of words at a time, instead of passing hastily and in confusion from one set to another."

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Heath (R. S.).** SOLID GEOMETRY: including the mensuration of surfaces and solids. Rivingtons, 1919. 7 in. 123 pp. il. (diags.) app., 4/. 513.3

The fourth edition of Dr. Heath's useful little treatise. The appendix and the exercises offer considerable scope for the construction and interpretation of the scale drawings which are necessary for the elucidation of the diagrams in perspective.

***Kerr (J. Graham).** TEXT-BOOK OF EMBRYOLOGY: vol. 2, VERTEBRATA (WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MAMMALIA). Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 603 pp. il. app. bibliogs. ind., 31/6 n. 591.33

The main outlines of the embryology of the non-mammalian vertebrates are sketched in this volume by Professor Graham Kerr, who deals with facts as illustrating general principles, and does not intend the book to be a work of reference for details. The first chapter relates to the zygote or fertilized egg, the processes of segmentation and gastrulation, and the development of the mesoderm. Succeeding chapters treat of the skin, the alimentary canal and buccal cavity, the coelomic organs, the skeleton, vascular system, and the external features of the body. A very important section is concerned with embryonic adaptation to environmental conditions during early stages of development; and chapters are devoted to general considerations regarding the embryology of the vertebrata, the practical study of the embryology of the common fowl, and to hints on the study of the embryology of the various types of lower vertebrates. The useful appendix treats of the methods of embryological research.

Lewis (William C. McC.). A SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY ("Text - Books of Physical Chemistry"). Longmans, 1918. 3 vols. 9 in. 506, 409, 217 pp. il. apps. ind., 15/, 15/, 7/6 n. 541.3

The second edition of Professor Lewis's work is enlarged by the substitution of a third volume for a single chapter, comprising an account of the Quantum Theory in its physico-chemical aspect. Vol. I. includes a considerable amount of new matter, such as a description of the investigation of crystal structure by means of the X rays, the Dual Theory of homogeneous catalysis, recent investigations on the dissociation of ammonium chloride vapour and the like. There are additions also to Vol. II., in which the principal change is the incorporation of a chapter dealing with osmotic pressure and the modern theory of dilute solutions.

***Steinheil (Adolph) and Volt (Ernest).** APPLIED OPTICS: THE COMPUTATION OF OPTICAL SYSTEMS; edited by James Weir French from the "Handbuch der Angewandten Optik"; vol. 2. Blackie, 1919. 9 in. 213 pp. diags. apps. ind., 12/6 n. 535.8

The aim of this work is to provide a complete trigonometrical system of optical computation in a form suitable for practical use. An important feature is the very complete and systematic nomenclature that has been adopted. Diagrams, some of them clearly marked in colours, illustrate the meanings of the symbols. The work is extremely thorough, and will be invaluable to the practical computer.

700 FINE ARTS.

Art and Letters, new series, vol. 2, no. 2, 2/6 n. See 800 LITERATURE. 705

Fedden (Romilly). *MODERN WATER-COLOUR*: including some chapters on current-day art. Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 123 pp., 2/6 n. 751

This introductory handbook first appeared in 1917, and has twice been reprinted. Its historical sketch of modern water-colour painting and its criticism are opposed to the ordinary academical teaching. The practical chapters on drawing and composition, methods and materials, are useful for students.

790 AMUSEMENTS, SPORTS, GAMES.

Morrison (G. E.). *THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE THEATRE*. (Critics' Circle of the Institute of Journalists) Simpkin & Marshall, 1919. 8½ in. 20 pp. paper, 6d. n. 792

A reprint of articles by the dramatic critic of the *Morning Post*, and published in that paper. A foreword is contributed by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

800 LITERATURE.

Art and Letters, new series, vol. 2, no. 2, SPRING. 9, Duke Street, W.C.2, 1919. 10 in. 52 pp. il., 2/6 n. 805

The second number of the new series of *Art and Letters* differs most obviously from the first in that it is an exquisite piece of book-production. Cover, type, paper, could hardly be improved. As for the matter itself, the verses are sharply divided from the prose. In the verses the modern manner has evidently degenerated into a mannerism. No typographical arrangement could, for instance, conceal the commonplaceness of Miss Susan Miles. Mr. Herbert Read follows Laforgue, *longo intervallo*. Mr. Osbert Sitwell might be amusing if he were neater; his *jeu d'esprit* is untidy. Mr. Sassoon alone produces his effect by the simplicity of his technique and the force of his conviction. But Mr. Sassoon belongs to another school. The poets of *Art and Letters* proper do not give us that precision of image which would compensate for their rhythmical disabilities; to be a contortionist of language is not an end in itself, any more than scandalizing the editor of "Georgian Poetry." When no precision is achieved, or apparently even attempted, ultra-modern poetry becomes as tedious, and tedious in the same way, as the "Idylls of the King."

The critical essays are on a much higher level. Mr. Wyndham Lewis's pointed commonsense on "Abstraction" in art is excellently provocative, for it provokes the false amateur. Mr. T. S. Eliot's short essay on the plays of Marivaux is obviously the work of a scholarly critic who thinks for himself. It is almost worth a half-crown to read that Molière was a master not of comedy, but farce—a truth which no one has dared to utter in England since Meredith was held in awe. Mr. Douglas Goldring's praise of Mr. D. H. Lawrence is gallant and generous. Mr. John Nash's drawing, "The Little French Song," is amusing.

Bennett (Arnold). *JUDITH*: a play in three acts, founded on the apocryphal book of Judith. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 7½ in. 125 pp., 3/6 n. 822.9

"Judith" is in the tradition of "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Mr. Bennett brightens up an ancient theme with a few references to the war and some simple fun. Such words as "handmaid" and "bondman" attest the Biblical origin of the play, and the second person singular is employed throughout—sometimes with painful results. The expression "Thou Minx!" for instance, is not happy. (See also under Drama, ante p. 310.)

Cotterill (Erica). *AN ACCOUNT*, 3. J. B. Shears & Sons, 64, Sydney Street, Chelsea, S.W. 3. 9 in. 213 pp. 828.9

This is the third volume of the interesting mental history that Miss Cotterill has been engaged in writing for some years past. Her literary style will repel many readers, but those who are patient with its difficulty will find that the author succeeds in conveying her thoughts with accuracy and minuteness. These qualities, combined with her profound honesty, make these volumes of great psychological interest.

***Saintsbury (George)**. *A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH NOVEL TO THE CLOSE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*: vol. 2, FROM 1800 TO 1900. Macmillan, 1919. 9 in. 612 pp. app. (bib.) ind., 18/ n. 843.09

With this second volume of "A History of the French Novel," Professor Saintsbury takes his farewell of the public "for good." Perhaps Professor Saintsbury, *bene meritus de republica*, deserves a respite from the composition of histories of literature. But who will write them for us now? That they will be written we have no doubt, but we, who were largely nourished on Saintsbury, fear that they will not be readable. Professor Saintsbury has retained all his skill in fascinating his reader to the last. The first volume of the present history was as exciting as a good adventure story. The excitement is well maintained in the second, covering the nineteenth century, wherein such surprising things take place as the inclusion of Stendhal and Balzac in a single chapter, the devotion of some thirty pages to Paul de Kock, and the following sentences plucked at random from an (even for Professor Saintsbury) unusually heavy-laden tree: "Tartarin, in his original appearances, 'touches the spot,' 'carries off all the point' in a manner suggestive at once of Horace and Homocœa." "One impeticoes the gratuity of the explanation, and refrains, as far as may be, from saying: 'Words! words!'" The other exponents of gusto in literature have either passed away or become relatively quiescent. Professor Saintsbury's career ends on the climax of a crescendo.

POETRY.

Barber (Cecil). *SANDBAG BALLADS AND SNOW-WATER SONGS*. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 7½ in. 64 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 821.9

We have learned to our cost during the war that it is not so easy as it looks to write a ballad in the manner of Mr. Kipling that shall be readable. Many feel themselves called to do so, but few are chosen, and Mr. Barber is not among them. He is cheerful, patriotic, jolly; but his sentiments are better than his verse. One cannot stand many lines of this sort:—

I have yet to learn the glory and the grandeur of the Guns,
Though there's comfort in their chorus when we Infantry attack.

Byles (Charles E.). *RUPERT BROOKE'S GRAVE*; and other poems. E. MacDonald, 1919. 7½ in. 58 pp. front. boards, 3/6 n. 821.9

The author's verses, which include, besides the rather long title-poem, some shorter pieces and sonnets, are grouped in two series: "Poems in Time of War" and "Poems in Time of Peace." The sentiments are commendable, but the quality of the verse is in no way remarkable.

D'Annunzio (Gabriele). *CANTICO PER L'OTTAVA DELLA VITTORIA*. Milano, Treves, 1918. 11 in. 16 pp., 2 lire. 851.9

A fine canzone, celebrating the allied victory on Nov. 11 last.

***Drinkwater (John)**. *LOYALTIES*. Sidgwick & Jackson [1919]. 7 in. 64 pp., 3/ n. 821.9

The placid flow of Mr. Drinkwater's verse, sober as plain prose—and often as careless and unstudied, too—reflects in the quiet light of reverie Gloucestershire fields and hills, brave old rustic worthies, and histories near and remote. Then at times the stream breaks into lyrical movement, as in "Buds" or "On a Lake." There is beauty of form and thought in of rhymed octosyllabics the "Blackbird," "The Patriot," and "At an Earthworks."

***Gautier (Judith)**, tr. *CHINESE LYRICS FROM THE BOOK OF JADE*; tr. from the French by James Whitehall. Erskine MacDonald [1919]. 8 in. 47 pp., 3/6 n. 895

At two removes, it is difficult to appraise how nearly this anthology from Li-Tai-Pé, Thou-Fou, Ly-y-Hane, and other mediæval poets represents Chinese. The renderings are apparently literal; they are rhymeless and irregular; they read smoothly and gracefully. Exquisite little pictures most of them are, or cameos in jade or blue-and-white porcelain; and a sensuous epicureanism is the dominant feeling.

Moore (Bernard). A CORNISH CHORUS. Sidgwick & Jackson [1919]. 7½ in. 108 pp., 2/6 n. 821.9

The author of "Cornish Catches" and "A Cornish Haul" here proffers more character-sketches of mariners and long-shoremen, an idyll of courtship, some songs, and "War Notes." His humour and sentiment mildly recall the Manxman's "Fo'c's'le Yarns"; he also handles more varied metres—of the Kipling stamp—with much success.

Visiak (G. H.). BRIEF POEMS. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 9 in. 14 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 821.9

There are not 150 lines altogether in this gleaner's sheaf of stray verse—chance thoughts, fears, griefs, and consolations of an imaginative, brooding mind.

Warren (G. O.). THE SWORD: poems. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 8 in. 160 pp. boards, 6/ n. 821.9

Mrs. Warren writes with the ease and assurance born of literary knowledge. No lapses of taste disfigure, no flashes of poetry transfigure her pleasant verse. "The Old Tree" shows her at her best:—

I take a seed and lay it in the ground
So deep, so safe, that when wild storm-winds pass,
It shall not stir, nor shall its steadfast root
By careless idle hands be found.

I know not, Life, if my brief dust shall rise
Again. But many a year a great pine tree
Shall speak for me, and lift its yearning arms
Towards thine unfathomable skies.

FICTION.

Colmore (George). THE THUNDERBOLT. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 8 in. 312 pp., 7/ n.

This may be described as a "hush-novel," as it seems to have a mission, the aim of which is not plain to the reviewer: otherwise the unsavoury medical business towards the end would condemn it as a book that ought never to have been written. Up to this point, it is a quite ordinary story of a young lady and a devoted nurse, with a lot of society people talking would-be clever stuff.

Corbett-Smith (Arthur). THE SEAFARERS. Cassell [1919]. 8 in. 286 pp. app. ind., 6/ n.

Major Corbett-Smith has seen service in letters as well as in war, and knows the sort of exuberant style for a popular account of the sea services during their recent ordeals.

***Deledda (Grazia).** DES ROSEAUX SOUS LE VENT; tr. par Marc Helys. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. 281 pp. paper, 4fr. 55. 863.9

Another of Grazia Deledda's Sardinian peasant stories, admirably translated, brings before the mental eye the rich natural environment and all the picturesqueness of a life close to Mother Earth, with a realism akin to Mr. Hardy's, though the pure objective method of her art is nearer to that of Mérimée. A family of decayed, poverty-stricken gentry, a devoted servitor, a debonair but shiftless nephew, and the primitive inhabitants of a lonely village, with their strong superstitions and elemental passions, are the characters in a tragic drama.

Inge (Charles). THE PAGAN. Methuen [1919]. 8 in. 316 pp., 8/ n.

A schoolmaster of strong personality takes a bad fright at the success of German methods during the critical period of the war, and runs a system of education aiming at soulless efficiency—victory at all costs in the battle of existence. His marital happiness and the moral future of his only son are brought into jeopardy, not to mention his own spiritual health. The book would have been very different with a keener sense of humour in both its positive and its negative functions.

Norris (William Edward). THE OBSTINATE LADY. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 310 pp., 6/9 n.

In this modern Tristram and Iseult story, with its sequel of a disputed will and the suspicion of foul play against the Iseult, Mr. Norris adapts his well-made novel of pre-war times to the present by introducing a soldier-lover stricken with shell-shock. The Tristram is a novelist and playwright, the villain a reviewer; hence there is much literary small talk.

Thurston (E. Temple). THE FOREST FIRE; and other stories. Cassell [1919]. 7½ in. 248 pp., 7/ n.

Twelve tales, of which the most moving is the title-story, and the most sensational "The Nature of the Beast," a narrative of German duplicity. One of the shortest and cleverest is "The Flaw."

***Wenz (Paul).** LE PAYS DE LEURS PÈRES. Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1919]. 7½ in. 244 pp. paper, 4 fr. 55. 843.9

Stories from the Antipodes come natural to Paul Wenz, who here describes life in the Australian bush with a magic as potent as Henry Kingsley's. He tells of the squatters in 1867, and then of the war in 1914, and the experiences of a young fellow in Egypt, Gallipoli (where he is blinded by, a shell), and at St. Dunstan's in London. The artful simplicity of the tale gives it charm and pathos.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

***Alexander (A.).** A WAYFARER'S LOG. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 336 pp., 10/6 n. 920

Not only himself a brilliant exponent of the results of physical training, but also a zealous advocate of physical recreation for the working-classes, Mr. Alexander has come into contact with innumerable notabilities, and had many amusing experiences, in recounting which in an unaffected and pleasing way several anecdotes attesting his personal prowess and address come in very unassumingly.

Holland (Henry Scott). A FORTY YEARS' FRIENDSHIP: letters from the late Henry Scott Holland to Mrs. Drew; ed., with an introduction, by S. L. Ollard. Nisbet [1919]. 9 in. 268 pp. il. pors. ind., 10/6 n. 920

These letters cover the period from 1876 to the early part of 1918. As the intimate outpourings of the thoughts and feelings of one whose personality was distinguished by warmth of heart and charity to all men, they are very agreeable to read. They admirably reflect the breadth of outlook and the catholicity of taste of the beloved Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, who had for so long been a Canon of St. Paul's.

Menzies (Mrs. A. C. Stuart). SPORTSMEN PARSONS IN PEACE AND WAR. Hutchinson [1919]. 9 in. 320 pp. il. pors. ind., 16/ n. 920

This pleasantly written book will appeal to readers of various classes and all denominations. Using the term "sportsmen parsons" in its broadest sense, Mrs. Menzies includes in her gallery of clear-cut portraits such widely different personages as the famous "Jack Russell," Rector of Black Torrington; Charles Kingsley, the apostle of "muscular Christianity"; Dean Hole, wit, rose-grower, hunter, and friend of John Leech; the Rev. Cecil Legard; the heroic Father William J. Finn, who was the first army chaplain to fall in the war, and was killed in 1915 during the landing at Sedd-ul-Bahr; the Rev. E. L. Watson, Baptist minister; Captain Mackenzie of the Salvation Army; and Father Brindle, D.S.O., afterwards Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham. There is an unfortunate error in the preface, where the late Rev. A. H. Stanton is referred to as Father "Staunton." And Deans are Very Reverend, not merely "Rev."

Ravenel (Florence Leftwich). WOMEN OF THE FRENCH TRADITION. New York, Macmillan Co., 1918. 8 in. 248 pp. pors., 8/ n. 920.044

The authoress in her article "The Eternal Feminine," reprinted here from the *Unpopular Review*, upbraids those Feminists whose ill-considered claims would thrust women into spheres for which they are unfitted. Papers follow on Arvède Barine, George Sand, Mmes. de Staël, de Sévigné, de Lafayette, and other *Salonières*, whose characters and lives are sketched in a rather emotional way.

930-990 HISTORY.

***Dawson (William Harbutt).** THE GERMAN EMPIRE, 1867-1914, AND THE UNITY MOVEMENT: vol. 2. Allen & Unwin and Jarrold [1919]. 9 in. 524 pp. apps. ind., 16/ n. 943.084

In this volume the author discusses German protection and fiscal reform during the years 1879-87; the foreign relations of Germany from 1871 to 1914 in regard to France, the Near and Far East, and Morocco; the colonial and

Weltpolitik eras; the attitude of Germany towards the Triple Entente; social adjustments between 1871 and 1890; and German domestic affairs under the Emperor William II. Chapter 18 is of peculiar interest, for it is an epitome of the last phase in the career of Bismarck—the man who was “a postulate in himself,” as one of his successors styled him. The author is confident that, under whatever form of government Germany may choose to live henceforth, “the Empire will continue.”

Firth (Charles H.). SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD (from the Proceedings of the British Academy, vol. 8). (British Academy) Milford [1919]. 9½ in. 20 pp. paper, 2/ n. 904

In this judicial, but somewhat pedestrian, paper, Professor Firth considers Raleigh's qualities as a historian. These are not very great, and, even when we have taken Professor Firth's advice not to ask more from Raleigh as historian than he professes to give, there appears no necessity to revise the estimate implicit in Matthew Arnold's contrast between the prefaces of Raleigh and Thucydides. The chief part of Raleigh's plan was to make visible in his narrative what Cromwell called “the great appearances of Providence”; subsidiary to this, and perhaps made a little more urgent by his own experience—the History was written in the Tower—was his obvious desire to point the disastrous consequences of tyranny. On the whole, we should have thought that the Raleigh least worth considering was the historian. Professor Firth, if anything, confirms us in our opinion.

Gaillard (Gaston). L'ALLEMAGNE ET LE BALTICUM. Paris, Chapelot, 1919. 10 in. 279 pp., 7 maps, paper, 7fr. 80, 949.6

The author has not endeavoured to give a complete discussion of the whole Baltic question, but has confined himself to indicating its interest and importance from the international point of view. He maintains that it is a matter of primary interest to prevent German domination being extended to the Baltic provinces.

***Historical Association.** HISTORY: the quarterly journal of the Historical Association; ed. Prof. A. F. Pollard: new series, vol. 4, No. 13, April. Macmillan, 1919. 10½ in. 60 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 905

The editor's lecture on the Monroe Doctrine forms the first article, and is followed by a study of the Dalmatian problem based on a number of recent books, and by a review of the Clarendon Press history of Russia. Dr. Chambers and Professor Flinders Petrie continue their discussion of the “Brut Tysilio,” and whether it can be identified with the mysterious book given to Geoffrey of Monmouth by Archdeacon Walter of Oxford.

Jasienski (A. M.). REBORN POLAND: with five maps and one chart; by Captain J. Reid, R.E. New York, Lisiecki Press [1919]. 9 in. 44 pp. maps, paper. 943.8

A pamphlet by a Polish author and journalist who, according to the publishers' note, in 1913 predicted the war and the part to be played in it by Poland, and two years later made a tour through the United States as a speaker on behalf of the Polish National Council. The brochure and maps are of interest, but the author labours under the disadvantage of possessing an imperfect acquaintance with the English language.

***Laurand (L.).** MANUEL DES ETUDES GRECQUES ET LATINES: fascicule 1, GÉOGRAPHIE, HISTOIRE, INSTITUTIONS GRECQUES: 2e édition revue et corrigée. Paris, Picard, 1918. 9 in. 118 pp. map, bib. ind. paper, 3 fr. 50; b.s., 4 fr. 50. 938

The second edition of this admirable work, revised and corrected.

Maggiore (Giuseppe). GIOBERTI E FICHTE. Milano, Treves, 1919. 7½ in. 68 pp., 1 lira. 901

A contrast between the moral and religious primacy of the human race claimed for Italy by Gioberti, and the absolute tyrannical mastery over other races which Fichte claimed for Germany on the ground of her superiority.

Ruffini (Francesco). L'INSEGNAMENTO DI MAZZINI. Milano, Treves [1919]. 7½ in. 58 pp., 1 lira. 945.09

A speech and an appendix by the Minister of Education discussing Mazzini's views on the principle of nationality and also those of the jurist Stanislao Mancini, with special reference to the European war.

***Scott (James Brown).** JAMES MADISON'S NOTES OF DEBATES IN THE FEDERAL CONVENTION OF 1787, AND THEIR RELATION TO A MORE PERFECT SOCIETY OF NATIONS. New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 9 in. 168 pp. il. por. bibliog. app., 10/6 n. 973.318

It is the author's opinion that the Federal Convention of 1787, composed of official delegates of “free, sovereign and independent States,” was an international conference, in fact as well as in form; and, in the course of an able commentary upon the notes made at the meetings of the Convention by one who was a member of that body and afterwards President of the United States, Mr. Scott shows the interest of those notes at the present time, as indicating the steps by which the independent American communities became the “one large, successful and enduring union of States to be found in the annals of history.” He suggests that should the members of the Society of Nations care at some period to strengthen the bonds which unite them, and consciously to form an international organization, James Madison's “Notes” will be invaluable for information and reference.

Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society. PROCEEDINGS DURING THE YEAR 1918. 4th series, vol. 4. Taunton, Barnicott & Pearce, 1919. 9 in. 202 pp. maps, il. ind. paper. 942.38

The principal items are the presidential address by Dr. Haverfield on the character of the Roman Empire as seen in Somerset, further chapters on monumental effigies and on the Diptera, a paper on Somersetshire heronries, and two on the foundation charter of Witham Charterhouse, and a grant of lands about 1300.

Trowbridge (E. D.). MEXICO TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. New York, Macmillan Co., 1919. 7½ in. 288 pp., 10/6 n. 972.08

Most European readers have as confused an idea of the happenings in Mexico during the past seven or eight years as that which, according to the author, prevails in the United States. A work such as Mr. Trowbridge has written is therefore very welcome on this side of the Atlantic. He not only deals with Mexico to-day and to-morrow, but also treats of the early history of the country, of the Spanish conquest, of Mexico under Spanish rule, and of the Mexican Republic. Some chapters are devoted to the financial needs of Mexico, to agrarian problems, and the like; and a general idea is given of the social, industrial, political, and economic conditions which have prevailed in the republic since the fall of the Diaz régime in 1911. An index would have added to the usefulness of the book.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Coxon (Stanley W.). DOVER DURING THE DARK DAYS: with contributions by other officers of the Dover Patrol. Lane, 1919. 8 in. 314 pp. por. il. map, 7/ n. 940.9

Lieut.-Commander Coxon tells in seamanlike fashion of the naval organization at Dover and life there during the war, of the work of the drifters and other craft, air-aids, the sinking of the hospital ship “Anglia,” the affair of Zeebrugge, and other stirring incidents.

Vredenburg (E.). WEST AND EAST WITH THE E.F.C. (EXPEDITIONARY FORCE CANTEENS). (For the E.F.C.) Raphael Tuck [1919]. 9½ in. 96 pp. il. boards. 940.9

The work of the Expeditionary Force Canteens has ranged from the provision of clubs, rest houses, and canteens for British officers and men in the areas of war, the manufacture of mineral waters and beer, and the organization of kinematographic entertainments, to camp-building, well-sinking, and the supply of a motor transport service. The varied activities of the E.F.C. in France and Flanders, Italy, Salonica, Gallipoli and elsewhere have been of immense service to our fighting units; and Captain Vredenburg's account of the undertaking controlled by Sir Alexander Prince will be read with interest. The author has high praise for the bravery and devotion to duty of the Q.M.A.A.C. women who worked with the E.F.C.

The Sub-strata of Fact

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